

THE DIAL

A SEMI-MONTHLY JOURNAL OF
Literary Criticism, Discussion, and Information

EDITED BY
FRANCIS F. BROWNE

Volume XLVII.
No. 553.

CHICAGO, JULY 1, 1909.

10 cts. a copy. { FINE ARTS BUILDING
\$2. a year. { 208 Michigan Blvd.

FROM DUFFIELD & COMPANY'S SPRING LIST

IMPORTANT NEW BOOKS



Elinor Glyn "ELIZABETH VISITS AMERICA"

"It is spiced with wit, its observation is sharp as a thorn."—*St. Louis Times*. Frontispiece. \$1.50.

SECOND EDITION

H. C. Chatfield-Taylor "FAME'S PATHWAY"

"A story exquisitely and poetically told; and the book follows so closely the facts of Molière's career as to be practically a biography of his early dramatic experiences set in the vivid form of fiction. As a picture of the stage of Molière's period the novel is a masterly one."—*Baltimore Sun*. Pictures by "Job." \$1.50.

SECOND EDITION

Marguerite Bryant "CHRISTOPHER HIBBAULT, ROADMAKER"

"The story is well worth while; not many of the new novels of recent months are more so. It has a distinctive quality, a strength that is convincing."—*Brooklyn Daily Eagle*. \$1.50 postpaid.

Helen Mackay "HOUSES OF GLASS"

Stories and Sketches of Paris. Illustrated by E. F. Folsom. A new book in paper covers, European fashion.

"They are all better than the average of De Maupassant, and some of them press his best very close. They smack of genius."—WALTER LITTLEFIELD in *Chicago Record-Herald*. \$1.00 net; by mail, \$1.05.

Fourth Edition

"Tono-Bungay" in London is being received with an almost unanimous chorus of praise. Mr. W. L. COURTNEY writes of it in the *Daily Telegraph* in the following ecstatic terms: "We think that

"TONO-BUNGAY"

will prove to be Mr. H. G. Wells's "David Copperfield." . . . One of the most significant novels of modern times, one of the sincerest and most unflinching analyses of the dangers and perils of our contemporary life that any writer has had the courage to submit to his own generation. Mr. Wells has certainly done nothing to approach this book, both for courage and conviction."—*Boston Evening Transcript*. \$1.50 postpaid.

Fourth Edition

THE MEDIEVAL LIBRARY

"The Book of the Divine Consolation of St. Angela Da Foligno"

Translated from the Italian by MARY G. STEIGMANN, with an Introduction; illustrated with reproductions of the woodcuts of the original edition, Genoa, 1538.

"Early English Romances of Friendship"

Edited, in modern English, with Introduction and Notes, by EDITH RICKERT. Illustrated by photogravures after illuminations in contemporary MSS. Brown pigskin, antique clasps. \$2.00 net; by post, \$2.08.

William Eleroy Curtis

"ONE IRISH SUMMER"

Sketches and descriptions of Ireland and the Irish; "One of the brightest, freshest, and fairest books about Green Erin that I have ever read."—HON. JAMES BRYCE, *British Ambassador to the United States*. Illustrated from 64 photographs. \$3.50 net; postage 10 cents.

THE LAMB SHAKESPEARE FOR THE YOUNG

Recent additions to the "Lamb Shakespeare" (Charles and Mary Lamb's prose, with the famous passages from Shakespeare set in) are "MACBETH" and "ROMEO AND JULIET"; also "A NIGHT WITH SHAKESPEARE," a charming programme for school entertainments and teachers. Leather, \$1.00; cloth, 80 cents.

Hutchins Hapgood

"AN ANARCHIST WOMAN"

"One of the most interesting human documents that has ever come under my eye."—EDWIN MARKHAM, in *San Francisco Examiner*. \$1.25 net; postage 10 cents.

AT ALL BOOKSELLERS OR FROM THE PUBLISHERS

DUFFIELD AND COMPANY
36 WEST 37TH ST. NEW YORK

JUST PUBLISHED

A Searching Study of Healing Without Drugs

MENTAL MEDICINE

By OLIVER HUCKEL. \$1.00 NET, POSTAGE 10 CENTS

With an Introduction by Dr. L. F. BARKER, of Johns Hopkins Medical School

The basis of this book is a series of lectures delivered by Dr. Huckel, a prominent clergyman of Baltimore, before the Johns Hopkins Medical School. They thus unite in audience and speaker the two professions most keenly interested in this new movement.

The book is a clear, vigorous, practical treatment of a subject of the highest importance to both sick and well. The author recognizes cordially the best elements of Christian Science, but without its extravagances and inconsistencies. He also emphasizes the wisest teachings of the Emmanuel Movement, but without its clinics and hypnotic treatments.

It is emphatically a book with a message.

THOMAS Y. CROWELL & CO., NEW YORK

"A memorial to the man, and a permanent part of the history of Chicago."

Essays and Addresses

By EDWIN BURRITT SMITH

"This volume contains the ripest thought of a man whose leading passion was the public good, one of the ablest lawyers and best citizens Chicago has produced. Various as are the themes treated, the book has unity of spirit and purpose. It is a singularly clear and forceful statement of the vital principles on which all representative government must rest—in city, state, and nation—in order to be a success. The volume is well edited, is handsomely printed, and contains a photogravure portrait of the man whose fine personality it enshrines."

—*The Chicago Record-Herald.*

"The first 150 pages of this volume, dealing as they do with local issues of the greatest moment, deserve to be made a part of the history of Chicago, for they touch upon a movement than which nothing is more important—the awakening of a civic conscience."—*The Chicago Tribune.*

Large 8vo, boards with pasted label and slip case. With an appreciation of Mr. Smith by George Laban Paddock and a frontispiece photo-gravure portrait. Price, \$2.50 net

A. C. McCLURG & CO., Publishers, CHICAGO

Library Book Orders

We have conducted a special department for many years that has been exceptionally successful in handling book orders from

Public Libraries, Schools, Colleges, and Universities

We have on our shelves the most complete and most comprehensive assortment of books to be found in any bookstore in the entire country. This enables us to make full shipments of our orders with the utmost despatch.

A. C. McCLURG & CO.
LIBRARY DEPARTMENT CHICAGO

TWO VALUABLE LIBRARY BOOKS

LETTERS FROM CHINA

By SARAH PIKE CONGER

(MRS. E. H. CONGER)

"In range of observation and in fluency of descriptive narration she is not unlike Madame Waddington."—*The Dial*.

"Fully as valuable as Mrs. Fraser's 'Letters from Japan,' or Mrs. Conger's 'Letters from China.' Her richly illustrated and well-indexed book is vivid and fascinating, and as a whole is likely to hold its own as a permanent contribution to our knowledge of China."—*The Nation*.

"This is really one of the most important books on China that has appeared in recent years. . . . It is quite wonderful how many elements of unique interest appear in this wholly admirable book, furnishing glimpses of the interior life and spirit, character and sentiment of the better Chinese homes."—*The Tribune*.

"An extended view of Chinese life, delightful in its variety and important for its content. The book is indeed a delightful addition to our knowledge of a country of which no one nowadays can afford to be ignorant."—*The Argonaut*.

With 80 illustrations and map. \$2.75 net; postpaid, \$2.95.

THE ANDEAN LAND

By CHASE S. OSBORN

Member of the Board of Regents of the University of Michigan

"In the course of an extended journey the author visited the chief cities along both coasts of South America, and he has set down his observations of men and affairs as he found them. His book will not only be entertaining reading, but there is a vast amount of information about the states and cities which he visited. He touches at length upon such topics as consuls, the errors of American exporters, railroads, grain inspection, international trade, mines, crops, markets, and social customs. His work is readable and instructive."—*Chicago Tribune*.

"The work not only combines the informalities of a genial and venturesome traveler with the thoroughness and erudition of a student, but it fills a niche in the scanty literature on a country that has suffered a peculiar neglect. The work will therefore remain unique in value and interest for some time to come."—*Detroit Journal*.

"The work is one which will speedily find a place in all public libraries and which no private library of any pretensions can afford to be without."—*Daily Mining Journal*.

*Two volumes, with 60 illustrations and four maps. Large 8vo.
\$5.00 net. By mail, \$5.35.*

A. C. McCLURG & CO. PUBLISHERS CHICAGO

Interesting New Macmillan Books

TAKE WITH YOU

- With a good novel in your bag, you can enjoy the Fourth, rain or shine.
- JAMES LANE ALLEN'S** *new novel*
The Bride of the Mistletoe
 Renews the haunting mysterious charm of his "A Kentucky Cardinal." Cloth, \$1.25.
- F. MARION CRAWFORD'S** *new novel*
The White Sister Cloth, \$1.50.
 The last of the chronicles of his most famous characters—the house of "Saracinesca."
- Miss ELLEN GLASGOW'S** *new novel*
The Romance of a Plain Man
 Intensely interesting because at once so tender, charming, and debatable a romance. Cloth \$1.50.
- EDEN PHILLPOTT'S** *new novel*
The Three Brothers Cloth, \$1.50.
 "Rich in vitality, humor, sound thinking, insight and truth."
 —Record-Herald (Chicago).
- Leave your order at the same time for these to be sent to you.
- A New Novel by "BARBARA" (Mrs. Wright)
Poppea of the Post-Office
 By the author of "The Open Window," "The Garden of a Commuter's Wife," etc. Ready next week. Cloth, \$1.50.
- WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE'S** *promised novel*
A Certain Rich Man Ready in July.
 Strongly American, national in its interest, and in its force unescapable.

FOR READERS WITH SPECIAL INTERESTS

Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer's
History of the City of New York in the Seventeenth Century Two 8vo volumes. Cloth, \$5.00 net.

How to Identify the Stars

By WILLIS I. MILHAM
 Cloth, 12mo, with charts and tracings. 75 cents net.

The Elements of Hygiene for Schools

By ISABEL McISAAC
 Author of "Hygiene for Nurses," etc. Cloth, illus., 80 cents net.

Outlines of General History

By V. A. RENOUF
 Professor at the Pui Yang University, Tientsin. Cloth, 12mo, \$1.50 net.

An Outline History of the Roman Empire

By WILLIAM STEARNS DAVIS
 Cloth, 12mo. Ready in July.

Genetic Psychology

By EDWIN A. KIRKPATRICK
 Author of "Fundamentals of Child Study." Cloth, \$1.25 net.

The American High School

By JOHN FRANKLIN BROWN, Ph.D.
 formerly Professor of Education and Inspector of High Schools for the State University of Iowa. Cloth, \$1.40 net.

A Text-Book of Psychology

By EDWARD BRADFORD TITCHENER
 An enlarged edition of his well-known *Outlines*. Cloth, 12mo, \$1.50 net.

Teaching Children to Study

The Group System Applied
 By Principal OLIVE N. JONES
 of New York, and others. Cloth, 12mo, 80 cents net.

The Life and Times of Laurence Sterne

By WILBUR L. CROSS
 Yale University.
 Author of "The Development of the English Novel," etc. His new book is a racy picture of the society of London and Paris in Sterne's day. Cloth, 8vo, \$2.50 net, by mail \$2.70.

Misery and Its Causes

By EDWARD T. DEVINE
 Editor of "The Survey," General Secretary of the Charity Organization Society of New York City. Cloth, 12mo, xii+274 pages. \$1.25 net, by mail \$1.36.

The Faith and Works of Christian Science

A brilliant, well-reasoned argument, through which flash out an irrepressible sense of humor, kindly pity and keen wrath. Cloth, 12mo, \$1.25, by mail \$1.35.

Mrs. St. Maur's two books "A Self-Supporting Home" and "The Earth's Bounty" are both practical and exceedingly interesting, full of suggestions with a sufficiency of detail in her account of how a small bit of land was made productive. Each, 12mo, \$1.75 net, by mail \$1.89.

PUBLISHED
 BY

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

64-66 Fifth Ave.,
 NEW YORK

THE DIAL

A Semi-Monthly Journal of Literary Criticism, Discussion, and Information.

THE DIAL (founded in 1880) is published on the 1st and 16th of each month. TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, \$2. a year in advance, postage prepaid in the United States and Mexico; Foreign and Canadian postage 50 cents per year extra. REMITTANCES should be by check, or by express or postal order, payable to THE DIAL COMPANY. Unless otherwise ordered, subscriptions will begin with the current number. When no direct request to discontinue at expiration of subscription is received, it is assumed that a continuance of the subscription is desired. ADVERTISING RATES furnished on application. All communications should be addressed to

THE DIAL, Fine Arts Building, Chicago.

Entered as Second-Class Matter October 8, 1892, at the Post Office at Chicago, Illinois, under Act of March 3, 1879.

No. 553. JULY 1, 1909. Vol. XLVII.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
A POET'S MIND	5
CASUAL COMMENT	8
A marvel of literary productiveness.—Some of Dr. Hale's sayings.—Dana Estes, publisher, traveller, archaeologist.—The three days' festival in honor of Frederic Mistral.—A new epoch in library development in California.—A new departure in English prose composition.—A blind leader of the blind.—The late Colonel Alexander K. McClure.—The "glorious Fourth" as an index of our civilization.—The blessings of liberal library support.—The domain of unremunerative authorship.—A sign of promise from Iowa.	
COMMUNICATIONS	11
Making Printed Matter Easier to Read. A. H. McQuilkin.	
Improvements in Type Designs. Frederick W. Gookin.	
SOME OLD FAMILIAR FACES. Percy F. Bicknell	12
THE SEARCH FOR THE WESTERN SEA. Clarence Walworth Alvord	13
BEETHOVEN, HERO OF MODERN MUSIC. Louis James Block	15
SOCIAL AND BUSINESS LIFE OF ANCIENT ROME. F. B. R. Helms	17
"LO, HERE A WELL-MEANING BOOK!" H. W. Boynton	19
PHILOSOPHY OF THE SPIRITUAL LIFE. John Bascom	20
BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS	22
The curious life of Sterne.—The philosophy of Wm. James.—The biographies of three sisters of Napoleon.—The amusements of the masses.—Present, past, and future of Japan.—Types of behavior from low to high.—A German tribute to an American scholar and citizen.—Typical old worthies of New Bedford.	
BRIEFER MENTION	24
NOTES	25
TOPICS IN LEADING PERIODICALS FOR JULY	25
LIST OF NEW BOOKS	26

A POET'S MIND.

The world at large has been acquainted with Swinburne the poet for nearly half a century. The acquaintance has not been improved in proportion to the opportunities offered, for of the line of some twoscore books that stretches from "The Queen Mother" of 1860 to "The Duke of Gandia" of 1908 few have become widely read, and popular attention has been concentrated upon only a small part, and that by no means the most significant, of the author's total achievement. Nevertheless, the name of the poet has long been upon the lips of most educated persons, and numerous tags of his verse have become a part of the currency of literary conversation and criticism. Those who have desired to pursue the acquaintance, making it more comprehensive and substantial, have had access to an abundance of material, and the essential characteristics of the man who expressed himself in the many books have been clearly discernible to all who have wished to know them. We are of those who believe that no writer, be he a Shakespeare — *pace* Robert Browning — or a Swinburne can successfully mask his true spiritual lineaments, or deceive his readers into thinking him other than he really is. It takes discernment, no doubt, and penetrative insight, to discover the man behind the book, but when we really come to know him our knowledge is of a deeper and truer sort than that which we have of most of the people with whom we come into the ordinary personal relations of life.

There is, however, in most of us a strong desire to supplement the deeper knowledge of a great poet that we may get from his books, by a certain amount of the other kind of knowledge that takes the form of anecdote, of personal idiosyncrasy, of intimate confession, of trick of speech and bearing. Having viewed him on parade, as it were, we like to see him also in fatigue uniform or in civilian dress. And, so prone are we to confuse accidents with essences, we do not realize how trivial or superficial all our added knowledge of this latter description must be, how relatively unimportant, in the case of a man who has already revealed to us his inmost soul. We may be glad to have it, and

it may have its proper function in our mental portraiture, but we must be careful not to let it fill the eye to the exclusion of the traits that really matter. All that the Great Monarch actually was — to take Thackeray's pointed illustration of the principle now in question — he must have been without perruque or sceptre, without any of the trappings of fashion or royalty.

This exception taken, these qualifications allowed, we may express without further reserve the satisfaction given us by the four letters from Swinburne to Stedman that the London "Times" has recently made public. Few Swinburne letters have ever appeared in print, and few are likely to appear until the publication of Mr. Watts-Dunton's memoir; but permission has been granted for the printing of these four, which for the first time make the poet known in the intimate aspect of a personal correspondent. They were written in 1874-5, when Swinburne was 36-8 years of age, their recipient being some four years his senior. The first two relate mainly to Landor, being occasioned by Stedman's volume of selections from that poet; the other two are semi-autobiographical, being in response to a request by Stedman (just then at work upon his "Victorian Poets") for such information as he might be permitted to use. Incidentally, they speak in a highly interesting way of some of the greater figures in American literature. What is particularly noteworthy in these letters is their gentle and self-effacing spirit, which is in sharp contrast to the arrogant dogmatism of Swinburne's published prose of a critical character. The truth seems to be that while he held to his critical convictions intensely, and did not mince matters in their statement, he was an excessively modest man in respect to his own achievements and his position in the world of letters. He could fiercely champion the cause of a writer whom he admired, but could hardly believe that those who praised his own writings really meant all that they said, or were at all justified in their admiration.

This statement may be illustrated by the passage in which he speaks of the great elegy, "Ave atque Vale."

"I am very glad you like my elegy on Baudelaire; I wrote it with very sincere feelings of regret for the poor fellow's untimely loss, which gave it a tone of deeper thought or emotion than was called forth by the death of Gautier, with whom (though from boyhood almost his ardent admirer) I never had any correspondence; but in spite of your kind mention of it in this month's 'Scribner's Magazine' which I have just seen I cannot believe it worthy to tie the shoes (so to speak) of the

least, whichever may be the least, of the great English triad or Trinity of elegies — Milton's, Shelley's, and Arnold's. I am content if it may be allowed to take its stand below the lowest of them, or to sit meekly at their feet."

Again, speaking of his experiments in Greek and Latin verse, he says:

"I confess that I take delight in the metrical forms of any language of which I know anything whatever, simply for the metre's sake, as a new musical instrument; and as soon as I can am tempted to try my hand or my voice at a new mode of verse, like a child trying to sing before it can speak plain. This is why without much scholarship I venture to dabble in classic verse and manage to keep afloat when in shallow water."

"Without much scholarship!" this from the man who ranks with Jonson and Milton and Gray among the great English poets who have also been great scholars. It is, at least, not the language of egotism or even of self-confidence.

What is said in these letters about the poets of America is in reply to Stedman's remonstrance concerning certain harsh observations found in "Under the Microscope."

"Your rebuke on the subject of American poetry is doubtless as well deserved as it is kindly and gently expressed. Yet I must say that while I appreciate (I hope) the respective excellence of Mr. Bryant's 'Thanatopsis' and of Mr. Lowell's 'Commemoration Ode,' I cannot say that either of them leaves in my ear the echo of a single note of song. It is excellent good speech, but if given us as song its first and last duty is to sing. The one is most august meditation, the other a noble expression of deep and grave patriotic feeling on a supreme national occasion; but the thing more necessary, though it may be less noble than these, is the pulse, the fire, the passion of music — the quality of a singer, not of a solitary philosopher or a patriotic orator. Now, when Whitman is not speaking bad prose he sings, and when he sings at all he sings well. Mr. Longfellow has a pretty little pipe of his own, but surely it is very thin and reedy. Again, whatever may be Mr. Emerson's merits, to talk of his poetry seems to me like talking of the scholarship of a child who has not learnt its letters. Even Browning's verse always goes to a recognizable tune (I say not to a good one), but in the name of all bagpipes what is the tune of Emerson's?"

In the letter dated some six months later, he recurs to this subject.

"I read your former letter very carefully and have since re-read a good deal of Emerson's first volume of poems therein mentioned, which certainly contains noble verses and passages well worth remembering. I hope that no personal feeling or consideration will ever prevent or impair my recognition of any man's higher qualities. In Whittier the power and pathos and righteousness (to use a great old word which should not be left to the pulpsters) of noble emotion would be more enjoyable and admirable if he were not so deplorably ready to put up with the first word, good or bad, that comes to hand, and to run on long after he is out of breath."

Now all this is genuine criticism, and its

substantial justice must be allowed. At least, no American not blinded by excess of patriotism can fairly deny that the critic's position is tenable if not absolutely secure. If only Swinburne had printed these things, and left for private communication the petulant things that he did print about Emerson and Lowell and Whittier (which his warmest admirers find it hard to forgive him), how much better it would have been!

The self-revelation afforded by these letters constitutes an even stronger claim to our interest than the critical comment. In external matters alone, it is extremely interesting to learn that Swinburne never spent more than a few weeks altogether in France and Italy, that he was a good cragsman as well as a good swimmer, and that he was once urged to stand for Parliament as a radical candidate, but was dissuaded by Mazzini, "the man I most loved and revered on earth," and felt greatly relieved. It is also interesting to learn the details of his Catholic and Jacobite ancestry, and to read that "when this race chose at last to produce a poet it would have been at least remarkable if he had been content to write nothing but hymns and idyls for clergymen and young ladies to read out in chapels and drawing rooms." We like to know, too, that he regarded "Hertha" as the best of his poems, and that he thought there was little "praiseworthy or notable" in that first volume of "Poems and Ballads" that had made him famous, and upon which (to the shame of criticism) the current estimate of Swinburne is still mainly based.

Deepest of all in interest, perhaps, is the long passage (too long for complete quotation) which gives us the poet's confession of religious faith. Here is its more significant part:

"I always felt by instinct and perceived by reason that no man could conceive of a *personal* God except by crude superstition or else by true supernatural revelation; that a natural God was the absurdest of all human figments, because no man could by other than apocalyptic means — i. e., by other means than a violation of the laws and order of nature — conceive of any other sort of Divine person than man with a difference — man with some qualities intensified and some qualities suppressed — man with the good in him exaggerated and the evil excised. This, I say, I have always seen and avowed since my mind was ripe enough to think freely. . . . But we who worship no material incarnation of any qualities, no person, may worship the Divine humanity, the ideal of human perfection and aspiration, without worshipping any god, any person, any fetish at all. Therefore I might call myself, if I wished, a kind of Christian (of the Church of Blake and Shelley) but assuredly in no sense a Theist. . . . I think and hope that among the

younger Englishmen who think at all just now Theism is tottering; Theism, which I feel to be sillier (if less dangerous) even than theology."

This clean-cut statement should bring to permanent confusion the criticasters who continue to prate about Swinburne as a poet of sound and fury only, whose intellect was a negligible quantity. As compared with it, whatever confession of faith we may find in either Browning or Tennyson (commonly taken as the typical modern poets of robust thought and reasoned belief) seems turbid or misty. Here is a poet who knows what he believes, and why he believes it. The faith thus confessed has always been implicit in Swinburne's song, and no one could read with intelligence "The Last Oracle," for example, and fail to understand its deep underlying thought.

"To the likeness of one God their dreams enthralled thee,
Who wast greater than all Gods that waned and grew;
Son of God the shining son of Time they called thee,
Who wast older, O our father, than they knew.
For no thought of man made Gods to love and honour
Ere the song within the silent soul began,
Nor might earth in dream or deed take heaven upon her
Till the word was clothed with speech by lips of
man."

But to those for whom the verse is without meaning, the prose should be sufficiently clear.

In token of the appeal which Swinburne makes as a religious prophet to minds not sealed by dogmatism, and of the positive aspect of a teaching which may seem merely negative at the first hearing, we will quote, in closing, these words from a letter recently sent us by a man who is an admirer of the poet, and also, significantly, a professional theologian.

"Humanitarianism, the note of the living literature of this twentieth century, has its highest expression in Swinburne. Anthropology is central in Christian Theology; it may be a matter of indifference to others, but the Christian must know, 'What is man?' One hundred years hence Swinburne's anthropology will provide the prosy platitudes of the schools of 'divines.' . . . I am not a preacher with an eccentric literary taste; I am for the diffusion of Swinburne because I am a minister of Jesus Christ and his fathomless gospel which dies when man fails of a just estimate of himself."

It is perhaps the greatest service done us by the publication of these Swinburne letters that they justify such an attitude as that taken by our correspondent, that they show us the poet's mind expressing itself in terms of the plainest prose upon questions which have their dwelling-place only in the upper regions of the intellectual life, yet which it is vitally important that men should face, and find for them answers that fit into the pattern of modern knowledge.

CASUAL COMMENT.

A MARVEL OF LITERARY PRODUCTIVENESS has passed out from the company of toiling penmen; and yet he was no toiling penman himself. If the attempt should ever be made to prepare a complete list of the late Edward Everett Hale's writings, the compiler would find his task a formidable one indeed. A tentative check-list of the more important, and of some less important, products of Dr. Hale's rapid pen has recently appeared in a Boston newspaper, and its titles number two hundred and fifty-three. The Boston Public Library, the Boston Athenæum, and the Harvard University Library furnished most of the data sought; but a far wider and more thorough search would be required for anything like a complete bibliography. Probably not even the author himself could have drawn up a full list of his writings. A pamphlet on Texas immigration is mentioned in his autobiography as one of his earliest publications, but no Boston library has it, and one questions whether Dr. Hale himself could have laid his hand on a copy. The wide range of his literary activities is illustrated by even a partial list of his works. He wrote on the "Cosmogony of Dante and Columbus," a paper on "Coronado's Discovery of the Seven Cities," an account of "The Fall of the Stuarts," something about "Emigration of Women to Oregon," and fiction and fable, poetry and sermon, in endless variety. The number of points at which he touched the world was all but infinite, and the large humanity of the man grows upon us with every day that passes since his death.

SOME OF DR. HALE'S SAYINGS and counsels, as they are now being reported, are characteristic and full of common sense. "I am especially gratified," he is reported to have said on one occasion, "over the organization of a boys' society in the State of Maine. Their motto is 'Patience,' and they call it the D. G. M. Club, which, translated, means the Don't Get Mad Club. That ought to be the motto of every person and nation on the earth." "Three hours' dictation is enough for any man engaged in literary labor. It should begin at 9.30 o'clock in the morning, behind a locked door, with a secretary who knows more than you do and can spell. At half-past twelve, as I once said, you may open your doors and let the wildcats, or the tame, rush in. Attend to the business of your callers in the afternoon, and get out into the open. In the evening play cards in your family, read, but not too much, go to see your friends, let them come to see you, or there may be a good play at the theatre." "My advice to every one is to live out of doors as much as possible. A healthy man should walk six miles a day without fatigue. But a dozen miles in an open street car or buggy is just as well, I think. The air and sun are what one needs." "Good sleep is the first necessity for health and labor. If for any cause you lose sleep, be sure to make it up. Maintain the average" — which in

his case was nine hours; but not all have Morpheus so submissively at their beck and call, at any time of day or night, as our cheerful and optimistic and equable Dr. Hale appears to have had.

DANA ESTES, PUBLISHER, TRAVELLER, ARCHAEOLOGIST, a veteran of the Civil War, sometime secretary of the International Copyright Association, and otherwise a man of note and of varied experience, died at his home in Brookline, Mass., June 16, at the age of sixty-nine. Born and educated at Gorham, Maine, and trained in business at Augusta, and from the age of nineteen in Boston, he made himself prominent and successful as a book-publisher. He was associated, first and last, with the Boston firms of Degen, Estes & Co., Lee & Shepard, Estes & Lauriat, and Dana Estes & Co. Historical works of value, published by subscription, were his speciality; and Guizot's and Martin's histories of France, Duruy's histories of Greece and Rome, besides editions of leading European novelists, were issued in handsome and substantial form by his house. The "Zig-Zag Journey" series under Hezekiah Butterworth's editorship, the "Knockabout Club" series, the "Vassar Girl" series, the popular stories of Mrs. Laura E. Richards (daughter of Mrs. Howe), the scarcely less popular cook-books of Miss Maria Parloa, and the remarkably successful American edition of "The Chatterbox," were also among Mr. Estes's widely-known publications. It was the nearly ten years' litigation over the exclusive American right to the "Chatterbox" title (a claim finally made good at the cost of almost \$30,000) that paved the way to Mr. Estes's organization of the Copyright Association above mentioned. Of his travels in Africa and elsewhere, and his interest in palæontology and archæology, there is not space here to speak. Mr. Estes was a good example of the enlightened and broad-minded publisher of the old school.

THE THREE DAYS' FESTIVAL IN HONOR OF FREDERIC MISTRAL, the beloved poet of Provence, to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the publication of his poem "Mirèio," is reported to have been a complete success. To few men is it given to hear their own funeral orations, and to scarcely more is it granted to assist at the unveiling of their own statues. But this latter happiness has fallen to the lot of the greatly beloved poet of Provence. Yet the singular event was to him, *in prospectu*, a trying ordeal. A few weeks ago he wrote to a friend: "Pity me! To assist at the unveiling of my own statue is the most uncomfortable task that could fall to my share; I would exchange all these fêtes for a simple lunch with two or three dear friends under the white poplars beside the Rhone." Nevertheless, when the day arrived, it proved to be one of exceeding joy to all concerned, including the central figure. The museum of antiquities, newly housed in the ancient palace of Laval, which the poet had bought with the proceeds of his Nobel prize and given to Arles, was formally

opened to the public; and this and the other events of the festival were witnessed by enthusiastic throngs of the poet's admirers. The publication, a year and a half ago, of M. Mistral's *Memoirs*, in English as well as French, must have won him many new friends in this country, where he is pleasantly remembered by older readers through Miss Preston's charming version of his "*Mirèio*," published in Boston over thirty years ago.

A NEW EPOCH OF LIBRARY DEVELOPMENT IN CALIFORNIA is entered upon with the passage by the last legislature of the bill providing for a county library system throughout the state. This is a direct result of the admirable work done by the State Library, within the last few years, in the extension, improvement and coördination of library facilities; and its effect in time will be to weld the public libraries of the state into practically a single coöperative organization, centring in the State Library. The new law is permissive and elastic, and libraries may enter the county system or not, according to local preference; but the intention of the act is that the leading public library of a county shall assume the functions of a county library, extending its privileges freely to all residents and having supervision of the smaller libraries within its field. This will greatly improve the condition of the school district libraries, now often moribund, which as branches of a live county system will be revived to usefulness. Good support of the system is assured through a special county tax, and this additional appropriation will undoubtedly be an inducement to libraries to enter the county system. An interesting feature is the provision that no person shall be eligible for appointment as county librarian who is not certified as qualified for the position by the State Librarian, or the librarian of Stanford University, or the librarian of the State university—this being evidently a portent of a future system of state certification for librarians, such as now prevails for teachers. Indeed, this law is striking evidence of the growing feeling that public libraries should be put more nearly on a plane with public schools, especially as regards financial maintenance and salaries paid, than is the case at present.

A NEW DEPARTURE IN ENGLISH PROSE COMPOSITION, as required for admission to Harvard, was made about a year ago, when candidates were permitted to write either on one of the prescribed literary topics or on a subject of current and practical interest for which they had not laboriously crammed. While three-quarters of the would-be freshmen followed what was perhaps for them the safer course and expatiated on "*The Appearance and Character of Dr. Johnson*," not a few burned their bridges behind them and pushed forward boldly into the *terra incognita*, or *terra parum cognita*, of spontaneous literary effort. From an interesting leaflet entitled "*The New Examinations*," just published by the New England Association of Teachers of

English, we learn that among the topics not taken from the prescribed reading were some of this sort,—"*The effect of the game of football on the school of which you have been a member during the past year*," "*Your reasons for your choice of a college*," and "*What subjects you plan to study in college, and your reasons for choosing them*." Here, evidently, was matter for independent thought, and the non-literary essays printed in the leaflet display far more individuality than could have been exhibited in any *réchauffé* of prescribed book-knowledge. The youth who dared to denounce interscholastic football, and the one who pleaded its cause, each wrote with force and conviction. If a lad cannot take an interest in the things of literature, it is hopeless to expect any live utterance from him on Dr. Johnson; better let him express himself on a humbler theme and one nearer home.

A BLIND LEADER OF THE BLIND is now attracting attention in the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy. Miss Helen Keller publishes a letter giving her experience in the absorbing game of acrostic-chasing. "*I copied the pages from the Shakespeare text literatim*," she tells us, "*so that I could trace them with the ten eyes of my fingers*;" and her findings are thought by Mr. Booth's disciples to be of superlative importance. Miss Keller's marvellous powers of intuition, abnormally developed by the peculiarities of her condition, render most interesting and significant this participation of hers in the otherwise tiresome and often foolish discussion. Yet it should be borne in mind that no sense is more easily deceived or more responsive to suggestion than the sense of touch. The ten eyes of the fingers (to use Miss Keller's apt and poetic expression) easily see what they wish to see, or what they are expected to see. This gullibility of the touch-sense was well known to Aristotle (to go no further back), and is illustrated by the ancient experiment of crossing the index and second fingers and gently pressing the surface of a globule with their tips, whereupon the eyes of these two fingers see two globules instead of one. This illustration may not be the aptest possible; but what it is desirable to remember is that it belongs to the very nature of illusion, when it is seeking to establish itself as truth, to call forth from many quarters an astonishing number of what the credulous hail as convincing proofs.

THE LATE COLONEL ALEXANDER K. MCCLURE, whose death last month carried sorrow to his many friends and regret to his still more numerous admirers and readers and hearers (for he was a familiar figure on the platform and a widely-read author of historical, biographical, and autobiographical volumes) had, in his eighty-one years of actively useful life, amassed treasures of experience and observation such as few can ever hope to possess. Besides editing with distinction the Philadelphia "*Times*" and making it a power for civic righteousness in his almost hopelessly unrighteous city, he wrote "*Lincoln*

and the Men of his Time," "Our Presidents and How We Make Them," "Recollections of Half a Century," "Old Time Notes of Pennsylvania," and other works, including several books of travel in his own country. The friend and comrade of such famous old Pennsylvanians as Tom Scott, Editor Forney, Simon Cameron, Samuel Randall, Judge Kelley, and Galusha Grow, he was a sturdy and picturesque figure in the public life of his State. It is pleasant to remember that when the newspaper he owned and so ably edited — a paper apparently too good for its time and place — suspended publication and left Colonel McClure without means, he was fittingly provided for by being appointed prothonotary, having in early life made acquaintance with the law and been admitted to the bar. Few books of miscellaneous reminiscences are more interesting than his "Recollections."

THE "GLORIOUS FOURTH" AS AN INDEX OF OUR CIVILIZATION is most certainly an ignominious Fourth. The historical and literary and musical programme that might furnish the day's festivities, and that did formerly constitute the chief feature of its celebration, has now been mostly superseded by demoniac din and senseless racket, with a melancholy train of deaths and mutilations and conflagrations to lend lurid horror to the newspaper columns of the next morning. A society for the intelligent observance of our natal day has, indeed, been formed, and all over the land an encouraging reaction against our present puerile and dangerous and costly method of making merry is manifesting itself. The city of Springfield, Mass., has already achieved noteworthy results, its patriotic citizens subscribing generously to furnish young and old with a series of pageants or historic spectacles that dignify the day and leave no mangled limbs or blackened ruins behind. And now we learn that our national capital has adopted the safe and sensible Fourth-of-July plan and is raising a considerable sum for a suitable public entertainment, in furnishing which the board of trade, the chamber of commerce, and the school committee are coöperating. Let now the mischievous fire-cracker and the nerve-racking torpedo pass into innocuous desuetude.

THE BLESSINGS OF LIBERAL LIBRARY SUPPORT are often more than are "covenanted in the bond." Some of these are briefly touched upon in the Aurora (Ill.) Public Library's monthly publication, "The Library Guide." "Material results," says the writer, whom we assume to be the librarian, "are often a sort of by-product of a well-managed public library. It is thought that the public libraries of Springfield and Worcester, Mass., have done their full share in promoting the industries of those cities by supplying books that have stimulated invention, leading to improved processes, better methods, and often-times to new devices. In this way those institutions have paid for themselves over and over, as have other well managed libraries." The indirect

commercial benefit accruing to Aurora from her excellent public library is then considered. It appears that the library draws visitors and readers and book-borrowers from many of the surrounding towns, and the inference is safe that this influx of strangers (from no fewer than sixteen neighboring towns in "the last few months") brings at least a little increase of trade to Aurora's shop-keepers. Here is an argument calculated to appeal even to the most un-bookloving of finance committees when the annual appeal for a public-library appropriation has to be made.

THE DOMAIN OF UNREMUNERATIVE AUTHORSHIP is a large one, and there is always ample elbow-room and opportunity there for fresh aspirants to obscurity and poverty, fame and fortune being the irresistible lure to the great throng. Mr. Andrew Lang, in his after-dinner remarks at the recent banquet of the Royal Literary Fund, in London, specified as particularly unprofitable (in pecuniary returns) the departments of history, poetry, essays, literary criticism, and anthropology, and advised young writers to give their energies to fiction, although even here he acknowledged the prospect to be rather dark. The rich, he declared, who deny themselves nothing else, persist in denying themselves books, and even the popular novels are not bought by individuals in any great number — not over twenty per cent, in his opinion. The seven-penny novel he is reported as likening to the sword of Damocles in its menace to the young novelist's success. Mr. Lang might have greatly lengthened his list of pecuniarily unprofitable -ologies; but nevertheless we hope the geologists, ornithologists, entomologists, and even the ontologists, will not abandon their researches and give us no more books. Man cannot subsist on a diet of pure fiction.

A SIGN OF PROMISE FROM IOWA catches the eye in the current issue of the "Iowa Library Quarterly," a sixteen-page periodical published by the Iowa Library Commission. The town of Shenandoah, which is credited in the latest census with 3573 inhabitants, seems more appreciative of its Sunday opportunity to visit the public library than do many larger and perhaps more cultured communities of the East. Concerning a recent Sunday attendance we read: "Sixty-seven young men and 34 young women visited the library from 2:20 to 5:30 o'clock, a total of 101. It was almost universally true that every one came in quietly, immediately went to a table or shelf, and continued occupied in reading until he left. . . . Almost the entire number who came in were under twenty-four years of age" — the very time of life when Sunday afternoon is apt to seem designed primarily for other than literary uses. Almost coincident with this bit of news from the prairie, there comes an encouraging item from Massachusetts: the Boston Public Library has recently lengthened its Sunday hours, closing now at ten instead of nine o'clock. They might easily do worse, both in Boston and in Iowa.

COMMUNICATIONS.

MAKING PRINTED MATTER EASIER TO READ.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

Until the half-tone plate as a means of illustration became popular, bringing with it the clay-coated shining printing surfaces to show off its delicate shadings on the paper, we heard comparatively little about eye-strain. That the highly-finished papers do cause distress to readers, is generally admitted. Now we have the activities of the Boston Society of Printers directed to a reform in the shape of individual letters. Some of the letters of the alphabet are "proved by laboratory tests" to be "offenders" (quoting from an editorial in THE DIAL). Before accepting the asserted proof, it is, I think, reasonable to inquire into the character of the laboratory tests. If the letter O is placed before me and its distance from me gradually increased to the vanishing-point, I may be able to recognize it at a greater distance than the letter E, and these tests may be in groups of words or in single letters. But in reading, I do not examine the letters so intently, except as a proofreader on the alert for wrong fonts. It is the "word-shape" I read, not the letter-shape. Most printers "spell by sight." Ask some of them to spell an unusual word, and they are not quite sure until they set it up and look at it or write it. The *shape* of the word is their guide.

Research, particularly the research of the Boston Society of Printers, has many fascinations, and that they have found many "bad characters" in the types may be subject for congratulation as by such process of elimination they may find the good ones. The inference is that they will advise making the bad ones as much like the good ones as possible? Will not distinction be lost? Will not the subtle word-shape be lost? It may not be freely admitted by the experienced that the purpose of printed matter is to convey thought, but it may be cautiously admitted as a philosophical truth. Type modelled on the lettering of the ancient scribes, or on the styles used by the fathers of the printing art, it is almost profane to criticise — perhaps. Mr. Bruce Rogers goes back to the fountain-head of the art for inspiration in developing taste and style in modern typography. In all the classic forms of alphabets esteemed by the elect, the "bad characters" in the letter forms, according to my idea of the "laboratory tests," must be exceedingly bad.

The Printers' Society of Boston appears to be working against the influences of the vicarious inspiration of Mr. Bruce Rogers. The suggestion that a Roman inscription would be more legible if a Greek character should be used in place of one or more of the Roman characters, is new. The fun that the average citizen delights to make of monumental inscriptions with the classic V's instead of U's is modern but not new.

That the weight of the lines of certain type forms make legibility great or less, we all know. The bibliophile delights in type that is to be looked at but not read. The newspaper reader and magazine reader will be quite content if the spiky Jenson, the graceful old-style with the high ascenders and low descenders, obscure thinnesses and obtrusive thicknesses, are confined to those who want books to look at. For themselves, they ask a good full-bodied letter with an honest printing face as the means of carrying the predigested mental food suited to their dyspeptic condition.

Chicago, June 24, 1909.

A. H. McQUILKIN.

IMPROVEMENTS IN TYPE DESIGN.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

The views upon typographical reform, expressed by Mr. George French in THE DIAL of June 16, will be echoed by all who have studied the subject closely, and especially by those who have had experience in the difficult task of designing new type-faces.

Improvements in type design are possible only within very narrow limits. The time for making any radical alteration in the Roman alphabet has long gone by. Even the introduction of a single novel letter would not be tolerated if its use should change in any marked degree the appearance of the words containing it. Those who have tried to decipher early seventeenth-century handwriting, and know how long it takes to become sufficiently accustomed to the inverted *h* so that the words in which it occurs can be grasped by the eye without working them out letter by letter, will appreciate the force of this statement. The substitution of the Greek *lambda* for the present lower-case *l*, as proposed by Dr. Cattell, is objectionable upon this ground, and also because it would introduce an inharmonious character into the alphabet and so spoil the beauty of any page upon which it might be used. The effect would be somewhat analogous to the use of the italic *l* in place of the vertical letter.

That some letters can be read at a greater distance than others is incontestable. Yet were all of those now in use discarded, and the entire alphabet reconstructed upon scientific lines, it is scarcely conceivable that a new set could be invented, each and every letter of which would be equally legible at any given distance. It is easy to overestimate the eye-strain induced by these inevitable differences. Laboratory tests will be of little value if they ignore the fact that, in reading, the individual letters are scarcely noted. Even when one consciously tries to look at them closely, as in reading proof, it is hard to do so, since we are accustomed to see words, phrases, and sometimes sentences, as units.

While this comprehensive view is facilitated by the arrangement of the words upon the printed page, the length of the lines, the spacing between them, the color of the ink, the sharpness of the impression, the texture of the paper, and other refinements that enter into good printing, the character of the type is also of prime importance. Optically, the ideal type is that which enables the eye to take in most at a glance. This means that the entire font must be free from any distracting feature however slight. So small a thing as a slightly exaggerated serif upon a single letter is quite enough to impair the effect of the type when seen as a page. Rigorously severe simplicity is an inexorable requirement. Furthermore, the "set" of the letters must be so adjusted that in every possible combination, the words will look right.

For these reasons, the designer soon discovers that there is very little scope for innovations. The fact is, the Roman alphabet was so thoroughly studied in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and the proportions of each letter were worked out so carefully, that no substantial improvement has since been devised. This, however, does not imply that no modification is possible. It is no doubt worth while that the scientific tests should be made and be given the widest possible range. I shall be surprised if they do not show that the most beautiful types are also the easiest to read, and that what is called for is improvement in the types used in machine composition.

Chicago, June 21, 1909.

FREDERICK W. GOOKIN.

The New Books.

SOME OLD FAMILIAR FACES.*

Looking back from the vantage-ground of his mature age — which (if he will pardon the innocent pun) is as a lusty winter, kindly and *not* frosty — Mr. William Winter is favoring his readers with a series of informal recollections of old friends who have won fame on the stage or with the pen. His agreeable memories of actors, recently published in book form under the title "Other Days," are speedily followed by similar reminiscences of authors, first printed in part in the "Saturday Evening Post," and now collected and enlarged and named "Old Friends: being Literary Recollections of Other Days."

The famous names of that golden age of American literature, the middle and later nineteenth century, that so attractively besprinkle Mr. Winter's pages are Longfellow, Poe, Holmes, Aldrich, Taylor, Curtis, Lowell, Stedman Stoddard, and others of less renown. Some English authors, notably Dickens and Wilkie Collins, are introduced; and more than once Mr. William Winter himself, in poem or personal anecdote or half-tone portrait, is made to contribute to the reader's entertainment. To begin our quoted selections with one having to do chiefly with the author himself, here is a picture of him delivering a poem before the Society of the Army of the Potomac, at the Philadelphia Academy of Music in 1876.

"The scene, as I recall it, presented a superb pageant of life and color. There was a multitudinous audience. The stage was thronged with men renowned in war and eminent in peace. General Hancock presided. My seat was at the left of that commander, and on my left sat General Sherman. . . . I have addressed many audiences, but never an audience more eagerly responsive and generously enthusiastic than that assemblage of members of the Society of the Army of the Potomac. When I returned to my seat, after the delivery of my poem, every person upon the stage was standing; the house was ringing with cheers; General Sherman caught me in his arms, with fervent feeling: and, as to the success of the effort, it is enough for me to remember that, from that day till the day of his death, that great man remained my friend."

First in his book, and apparently foremost in Mr. Winter's admiration and grateful homage, stands the poet Longfellow, whose acquaintance the author made as a youth, before going to seek his fortune with his pen in New York. His hearty tribute to his early patron as America's

greatest poet is refreshing in an age when, as he complains, no name in literature is uttered with that accent of profound respect and sincere admiration that trembled on the tongue of his contemporaries fifty years ago when the leading men of letters were mentioned. Some of Mr. Winter's reasons for ascribing supremacy to his old friend are as follows:

"A reason for thinking Longfellow is the foremost of American poets is the belief that he was more objective than any of the other bards, and was elementally actuated by an impulse of greater and broader design. . . . Another reason why Longfellow stands foremost among our poets is that he possessed and manifested a more comprehensive, various, and felicitous command of verbal art than has been displayed by any other American poet; while still another is that he speaks with a voice that is more universal than personal. 'Evangeline,' 'The Building of the Ship,' 'The Golden Legend,' 'The Saga of King Olaf,' 'Tales of a Wayside Inn,' and 'Hiawatha' are works that illumine the general imagination, express the general human heart, and are freighted with the general life of man."

Anecdotes illustrating the poet's keen sense of humor, even when the laugh was against him, follow in some abundance, and other amiable traits of the man are touched upon. His kindness and his all but invariable custom of saying nothing but good of his fellow-craftsmen, and indeed of all men whatsoever, might perhaps have been advantageously imitated by his eulogist in that part of his book that treats of Walt Whitman. The latter's peculiarities are well enough known by this time, and Mr. Winter's catalogue of his offences seems hardly called for. Selecting a few lines from the milder portion of the author's censure, we will quote.

"The writings of Walt Whitman, in so far as they are anything, are philosophy: they certainly are not poetry: and they do not possess even the merit of an original style; for Macpherson, with his 'Ossian' forgeries; Martin Farquhar Tupper, with his 'Proverbial Philosophy,' and Samuel Warren, with his tumid 'Ode,' were extant long before the advent of Whitman. Furthermore, Plato's writings were not unknown; while the brotherhood of man had been proclaimed in Judea, with practical consequences that are still obvious. No author has yet made a vehicle of expression that excels, in any way whatever, or for any purpose, the blank verse of Shakespeare and Milton. In the hands of any artists who can use them, the old forms of expression are abundantly adequate, and so, likewise, are the old subjects; at all events, nobody has yet discovered any theme more fruitful than the human heart, human experience, man in his relation to Nature and to God."

With the last clause, Whitman himself would undoubtedly have been in hearty agreement. But in the main this estimate of the "good gray poet" seems hardly likely to be confirmed by the verdict of posterity.

Some of Mr. Winter's explanatory remarks

*OLD FRIENDS: being Literary Recollections of Other Days. By William Winter. Illustrated. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co.

seem to be designed for very young readers. A half-page devoted to recounting a few of the main facts of Margaret Fuller's life, upon introduction of her name, seems, to the ordinarily intelligent reader of the book, like so much padding, however appropriate it may have been in the columns of the "Post." Also, his profuse notes of admiration whenever he chances to mention Scott are not exactly indispensable to the enjoyment of his chapters, however cordially one may share his enthusiasm for that prince of romancers.

One of the best chapters in Mr. Winter's book is that on Aldrich, who has but so lately left us. The friendship between the two began even before they had seen each other, and was strengthened by frequent letters that passed between Cambridge and New York. Strikingly characteristic of the youth who was afterward to produce "Marjorie Daw" is the subjoined extract from one of his friendly missives to the yet unseen correspondent in New England.

"How sweet is the letter that comes to a sick-room, fresh from the hand of a very dear though unseen friend! And how sweet it is, when one is just convalescent enough to sit before a comfortable writing-desk and languidly hang thoughts, like a week's washing (pardon the homely comparison), upon a line, to watch 'the swell mob of characters,' as Tom Hood says, creep gradually over the page! This pleasure is mine now, dear Winter, and a sort of dreamy joy comes over me, when I think how very soon your eyes will run over these lines, — almost following the point of my pen. How odd that I have never seen you! How strange that we have looked into each other's hearts, and never touched a hand or exchanged a glance! If we should never meet, I shall always think of you as one of the delicious phantoms which have, before now, flitted through the heaven of my fancy, leaving me only a dim conjecture of what it might have been. I cannot see you; but I can send you my mind, the better part of me, which cannot be taken away."

A welcome variety is given to Mr. Winter's pages by the occasional and graceful introduction of a poem or part of a poem from his pen. Especially good is the threnody that concludes his chapter on George William Curtis; and the brief extract he gives from his tribute to Dr. Holmes on the occasion of the Autocrat's seventieth birthday makes one desire the remainder. However, his poetical works are not difficult of access. A serious disfigurement of so excellent and handsome a volume is to be noted in the many misprints, if such they are to be called. The Craigie house in Cambridge is repeatedly referred to as the Cragie house, and thus it stands even in the index, which also gives Whiteman for Whitman, and is further vitiated by unalphabetical arrangement. Page 247 con-

tains a jumbling of lines, or an insertion of foreign matter, that makes nonsense. Absolute accuracy is not expected in a volume of rambling reminiscences; but it is desirable that it shall be capable of being read without stumbling. The portraits are many and good, and the typography is luxurious in its generous size and open arrangement.

PERCY F. BICKNELL.

THE SEARCH FOR THE WESTERN SEA.*

Canada is charged with new energy; a new spirit is animating her. Thousands of emigrants have been attracted to her shores and are settling upon the great plains of her Greater Northwest. She is building railroads; she is planning a deep waterway system to the sea. This new energy is not exhausted in the pursuit of material advantages; it has infused itself into the spirit of scholarship as well. The group of students who have been educated at Canadian and foreign universities are filled with enthusiasm for their fatherland, and are making themselves a power in the world of science and letters. Particularly is this the case in the field of history. The recent reorganization of the Canadian Archives is a sign of this *vita nuova*. The enterprise for which that institution stands has attracted the best minds of Canada; systematic efforts are being made to gather into the new building erected by the government all the material that bears upon the past of the Dominion, and the institution is becoming more and more the centre of research in Canadian history. Mr. Burpee's volume upon the search for the path westward to the sea is undoubtedly inspired by this new life. Its contents will attract the attention of all those who are interested in the Canadian Northwest, whether that interest is scientific, commercial, or otherwise; for it is the first adequate and scientific treatment of that wonderful story of the western fur-traders who, in their search for gain and their love of adventure, penetrated mile by mile along the water-courses until the foot of the mountains were reached; and then, led on by their enthusiasm, crossed the rocky peaks and canoed down the rivers to the Pacific Ocean.

The attention of the European world was first called to the Hudson Bay by the explorer after

* THE SEARCH FOR THE WESTERN SEA. The Story of the Exploration of North-Western America. By Lawrence J. Burpee. London: Alston Rivers, Ltd.

whom it was named, and the first interest in that body of water was inspired by the hope of finding an open waterway through the continent of America to the Indies. It was not until the eighteenth century was almost ended that this hope was entirely abandoned. Mr. Burpee has traced in a careful and scholarly manner the various enterprises, from the time of Henry Hudson to the appearance of those volumes by Arthur Dobbs which were written for the purpose of arousing an interest on the part of the public in an enterprise which was already known to be hopeless. If one desires to trace the history of this search, as undertaken by the Company of the Merchants of the London Discoverers of the Northwest Passage, or of the Hudson Bay Company, to follow the incidents that occurred in the voyages of such men as Hudson, Button, Baffin, Fox, Hull, and James, it will be impossible to find a more satisfactory work than this by Mr. Burpee.

A second phase of the search opened when the Hudson Bay Company and its agents began to explore the courses of the rivers. Strangely enough, the men who controlled the Hudson Bay Company realized only very late in the life of that company the necessity of sending their agents into the interior. For years they lived in the hope that the Indians from the far West would come to the seacoast in order to purchase their wares. Their earlier explorations were undertaken by their traders almost independently, and largely on account of their love of adventure. Later, the success of their rivals from the French colony of Nouvelle-France, who were the first to reach the region around Lake Winnipeg, aroused the English company. These earlier explorations of the Hudson Bay Company are carefully described by Mr. Burpee. Thus he traces the wanderings of Henry Kelsey, and attempts to fix definitely the path by which that *wandergeist* penetrated into the interior. More successful is his account of Anthony Hendry, because the material for tracing the path of this first Englishman to reach the Saskatchewan is more ample. He has followed step by step the course of Samuel Hearne, who found the path northward to the Coppermine River, along which Sir John Franklin was to pass many years later.

Having discussed in the first part the enterprises of the English from Hudson Bay, Mr. Burpee turns to the French discoveries along what he calls the "southern gateway," which leads from the St. Lawrence and the Great Lakes. It was through this gateway that the

search for the western sea was to be successful, for the only route to that will-o-the-wisp of so many voyagers was along the network of internal waterways across a wide continent. Mr. Burpee does not repeat the often told story of the early discoveries of Champlain, but begins his continuous narrative with the search beyond the Great Lakes. From these internal seas the French penetrated to the Greater Northwest and reached the waters that flow into Lake Winnipeg. Without doubt, the most interesting chapter in the book is that devoted to the wanderings of the most daring explorer of all the pioneers — the Frenchman La Vérendrye, who was the first of Europeans to catch sight of the Rocky Mountains. The material illustrating his explorations has been gone over with great care by Mr. Burpee, and his account will stand as one of the most authoritative that has yet been written.

When, by the Treaty of Paris, in 1763, France withdrew from North America and gave up to her English rivals Nouvelle-France and the country east of the Mississippi, the knowledge of the West that had been gained by the French *voyageurs* and *coureurs de bois* became a part of the British acquisitions. From this time onward, however, the French Canadians were the able guides of the English explorers. The British merchants followed rapidly on the footsteps of their English soldiers in taking possession of the field. Alexander Henry actually reached Mackinac earlier than the British soldiers, and was soon ready to push farther westward. Jonathan Carver, whose credit as explorer is about as suspicious as that of Father Hennepin, aroused the interest of the English by printing his travels; and this book inspired many of his readers with the hope of reaching the Pacific by the new passage. The Hudson Bay Company, hitherto satisfied with its few expeditions into the interior, was aroused to new vigor, first by the independent traders from Montreal, and then by the association of these traders into the Northwest Company. This new company, founded in 1785, contained men of tremendous enterprise, ability, and daring, — such as Peter Pond, Alexander Henry, and the Mackenzies. It was one of these last named, Alexander Mackenzie, who was finally to complete the exploration and reach the Pacific. The search was then ended. Trade and love of adventure had been the motives that had led generations of explorers westward until the goal was reached.

On the whole, great praise can be given to Mr.

Burpee's narrative, and the scholar will unquestionably turn to this volume for an authoritative statement of what actually occurred during any one of these numerous explorations. Unfortunately, however, the scholar will look in vain for references in the footnotes. Here and there Mr. Burpee has indicated the source from which he has drawn his story; but only occasionally. For the most part the reader is left to infer that he has gathered his material from manuscript journals or printed material, but is rarely given the satisfaction of knowing exactly what these are or where they are to be found. It is true that Mr. Burpee furnishes at the close of the volume a bibliography that will be found very useful to the student of this subject, but it is hardly sufficient to excuse this conspicuous neglect.

The style of the narrative is not what would be called "animated." In fact, it moves along so quietly that one finds it occasionally monotonous; but possibly it is this particular quality that gives us the feeling that we are reading the work of a scholar. There is never any attempt to pick out dramatic incidents for their own sake, no straining to picture with the aid of the imagination a course of events that may or may not have occurred. Mr. Burpee has stuck to the texts which he has used, and the truth of his narrative is his goal.

CLARENCE WALWORTH ALVORD.

BEETHOVEN, HERO OF MODERN MUSIC.*

That extraordinary man, Ludwig van Beethoven, a new edition of whose letters here comes under review, was a hero in Carlyle's sense if ever there was one. A rugged impetuous spirit, caring very little for the conventionalities, an untamed man, as Goethe calls him, radical in his views of art and life, he was exactly calculated to bring about the transformation which has made modern music what it is. The opera had been brought by Gluck to a realization of the importance of the dramatic situation and the need that it should be reflected in music capably and thoroughly; Bach had exploited the great resources of the art, and had built up edifices of sound which no one was likely to surpass; Haydn and Mozart had discovered the wonderful possibilities of the orchestra, and had gone far

in realizing them. It was Beethoven who came, not only as the innovator, but also as the man who was to understand and to fulfil. Whatever form of music he touched, he enlarged and carried forward. The profound seriousness of his character appeared in his epoch-making productions. With the chord of E-flat major, struck by the full orchestra, which opens the "Simfonia Eroica," the battle with the old was declared and the victory of the new was assured. Although Beethoven lived in close association with the titled and the great, he was no courtier; the self-educated hero recognized the value of his work, and had small reverence for temporalities that could but indifferently justify themselves before his imperious demand of use and service. They spent a whole anxious night with him once in the vain attempt to persuade him to make some changes in his "Fidelio." If music has now everywhere found a recognition as a deeply intentioned art, the result is largely due to this man who gave to it the whole of his life and effort.

It was the great age of Germany in all ways except the political. The last feverish years of Napoleon were disturbing Europe. The composer at first looked upon him as the representative of the republican spirit; but with the revelation of his true character Beethoven strongly expressed his disappointment and abhorrence. In literature he had as contemporaries and co-workers Schiller and Goethe; in philosophy he found himself in association with Kant and Hegel; the Oriental world was reopened and began to pour her hoarded treasures into the lap of Europe; Lessing and the Schlegels had given criticism a genuine scientific character; Homer and Shakespeare and Calderon and Dante were made accessible in translations that have hardly been equalled since; history and science were making similar advances. Beethoven's education had been of the most meagre kind, but, like Shakespeare, he made up for it by a remarkable capacity of intuitive understanding and a limitless power of absorption. The ideas of Europe were teeming in his brain, and the resources of his art found development in the storm and stress of expression. He pondered his writings with immense care; he composed with extraordinary energy; he was an unsurpassed improvisator on the piano or organ; but his pieces were elaborated with extreme caution, and long periods of time elapsed before he found them suitable for public acceptance. The heroic, the normal, the transcendental, in life and thought, were his assured

* BEETHOVEN'S LETTERS. A Critical Edition. With Explanatory Notes by Dr. A. C. Kalischer. Translated, with Preface, by J. S. Shedlock, B.A. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

RECEIVED
MAY 10 1909
MUSIC LIBRARY

dwelling-place; and his music is the wittiest and the wisest yet given to the world.

Beethoven had a tormented time in his daily living; he was not well equipped to battle with the usual exigencies that confront a man in the practical sphere. His family was a care and trial to him; he met with the usual indifference to his purposes, and a remarkable amount of ingratitude; he found himself unable to enter upon a settled and regular existence. He spent most of his life in Vienna, with a few journeys to other large cities of Germany. He had the recognition and admiration of the great persons of his time. He was seen to be one of the exceptional leaders. He had the gift of friendships, although these were not undisturbed by tempests. He has left an imperishable heritage, and the world has grown better because he has lived in it.

The new edition of the letters of Beethoven in two sumptuous volumes is assuredly a final and authoritative one. Dr. A. C. Kalischer, of Berlin, the editor and compiler, makes the following remarkable statement:

"There are many new letters printed here for the first time, some of exceptional length; and they show the composer to us under new aspects. The edition is a critical one. By that I mean that it was my chief aim to see that the text was *pure*. For that purpose it was necessary to consult as many *original letters* as possible, a task on which I have been engaged for a good twenty years. During the time I have examined over six hundred autograph letters, and compared them with printed editions, and then made corrections. Taking everything into account — style, grammar, orthography, and punctuation — I have the astounding declaration to make, viz., that of all the editors of Beethoven's letters, none has reproduced quite correctly any of the original letters which I have examined. Of all editors, likewise copyists of Beethoven letters, Anton Schindler and Otto Jahn were the most careful. In the preparation of a critical edition, the great collection of letters of Beethoven copied by Otto Jahn (now in the Royal Library of Berlin) is of immense advantage."

There are presented in the Kalischer edition twelve hundred and twenty documents; these are of course principally letters, authenticated to the uttermost, and accompanied by copious annotations and explanations, giving the present place and ownership of the letters, clearing up obscurities and allusions, and connecting them with the events in the author's career which gave them birth. The Royal Library of Berlin, the Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde and the Stadtbibliothek of Vienna, the music firms of Breitkopf and Haertel and Peters at Leipsic, and Schott and Sons at Mainz, and many private collectors, have rendered Dr. Kalischer liberal assistance. He is intimately acquainted with

all sides of Beethoven's life and work, and is admirably equipped to expound the letters, which are often enigmatical and abound in peculiarities that call for elucidation.

The letters are exceedingly varied and individual. Beethoven was in no sense a model letter-writer. The idea of the publication of his letters no more came into his head than it does into ours when we rapidly throw off a short effusion to one of our friends. He was not a literary man like Wagner, his successor. These letters are the immediate expression of his feelings and opinions at the time, and therefore as vital as so much conversation. The expression is often loose and sometimes obscure; he had an idiom peculiar to himself. They are sufficiently frank and delightfully contradictory; he can call a man a rascal in one outburst of feeling, and then be quite complimentary to him in another. He had a strange and humorous faculty of punning, some of these efforts verging on the impossible. The letters make a running commentary on their author's life; and in reading them through in their present chronological arrangement, there rises up vividly before us the picture of the man and his environment, his arduous struggles, his impetuous determinations to free himself from every sort of bondage, his recognition of his place and worth. Yet the reserve of the man rarely allows him to reveal the deepest parts of his nature; some of them belong to the love-episodes of his career, which terminated disastrously, and some of them deal with his art. He had an artist's admiration for his predecessors. He calls Bach "the forefather of harmony," and of Handel, Haydn, Mozart, he says: "Do not snatch the laurel wreaths from them; they are entitled to them, as yet I am not." Still, he could say of "Don Juan" that the music was degraded by the scandalous subject.

There are letters written to the famous people of the time, to Goethe, the Cardinal Archduke Rudolph, an intimate friend, to the Orientalist, Von Hammer-Purgstall, to the poet, Grillparzer, to Bettina von Arnim, to Sir George Smart in London, to Theodor Koerner. In one of the letters he makes this utterance on art:

"Continue; do not only practise art, but get at the heart of it; this it deserves, for only art and science raise man to the God-head. The true artist is not proud, he unfortunately sees that art has no limits; he feels darkly how far he is from the goal; and though he may be admired by others, he is sad not to have reached that point to which his better genius only appears as a distant, guiding sun. I would, perhaps, rather come to you and your people, than to many rich folk, who display inward poverty. If one day I should come to H., I will come to you, to your house; I know no other

excellences in man than those which cause him to rank among better men; where I find this, there is my home."

Here is a piece of musical criticism :

"I heartily rejoice in the same opinion which you share with me in regard to the terms indicating time-measure, which have been handed down to us from the barbarous period of music. For, only to name one thing, what can be more senseless than *allegro*, which, once for all, means *merry*, and how far off are we frequently from such conception of this time-measure, in that the music itself expresses something quite contrary to the term. So far as the four principal movements are concerned, but which are far from having the importance of the four winds, we consider them last. It is another matter with words indicating the character of a piece; these we can not give up, as time refers rather to the body, whereas these are already themselves related to the soul of the piece."

Of his deafness, which came upon him so early and which left to him only an inner hearing of his compositions, he writes :

"O ye men who regard me or declare me to be malignant, stubborn or cynical, how unjust are ye towards me! You do not know the secret cause of my seeming so. From childhood onward, my heart and mind prompted me to be kind and tender, and I was ever inclined to accomplish great deeds. But only think that during the last six years, I have been in a wretched condition, rendered worse by unintelligent physicians. Deceived from year to year with hopes of improvement, and then finally forced to the prospect of *lasting infirmity* (which may last for years, or even be totally incurable), born with a fiery, active temperament, even susceptible of the diversities of society, I had soon to retire from the world, to live a solitary life. At times, even, I endeavored to forget all this; but how harshly was I driven back by the redoubled experience of my bad hearing. Yet it was not possible for me to say to men: Speak louder, shout, for I am deaf. Alas! how could I declare the weakness of a sense which in me ought to be more acute than in others — a sense which *formerly* I possessed in highest perfection, a perfection which few in my profession enjoy, or ever have enjoyed; no, I cannot do it. Forgive, therefore, if you see me withdraw, when I would willingly mix with you."

For students of Beethoven, this edition of the letters is now the only one. Dr. Kalischer calls it a *complete* edition — meaning, as he explains, that he has given all the letters contained in other editions, together with many additional ones now printed for the first time. His annotations and commentary give his work the character of a biography, and it is brought up to date. These volumes belong in the same category with those of Thayer, the American author of the monumental account of Beethoven's life. The translation, made by Mr. J. S. Shedlock, is very well done; it reproduces the idiom of the original, the irregularities of the style, its vehemence and humor, even the astonishing puns as far as anyone can. The translator also furnishes a valuable Introduction. There are two

good indexes. Many portraits of the composer at different periods of his life are inserted, and facsimiles of the manuscripts of his famous works are given, as also of the letters. The publishers have done their part well; the volumes are superb specimens of print and binding. In fact, with Thayer, with Marx, and with the present publication, one will have a good apparatus for the study of the unique and illustrious musician's life and achievements.

LOUIS JAMES BLOCK.

SOCIAL AND BUSINESS LIFE OF ANCIENT ROME.*

The writer of a book on the social life of the past is exposed to a thorough testing of his ability and character. In the first place, it is desperately difficult to acquire a satisfactory knowledge of the social life of any period, so there arises the temptation to substitute the probable for the reliable. And even when this fundamental difficulty has been painfully overcome, there remains the enticement to command attention by painting the social picture strikingly like our own day, or in striking contrast thereto, or at any rate strikingly something. It is hard to paint in calm and serene accuracy, when the public eye can be caught and held by a deviation of the brush so slight as to seem almost pardonable. For example, in dealing with slavery, we have seen in our own age what a tremendous effect a writer may produce by dwelling upon the more emotional phases of the subject. Nor is it at all unfair to set forth the terrible physical sufferings and mental anguish of the slave; it is only a question of emphasis. Yet in an historical treatise it is not the part of sanity to give twenty pages to the horrors of the dungeon or the flogging-post, and a single paragraph to the economic aspects of slavery; although the average reader, and even the average author, is prone to find more interest in the less balanced treatment. Similarly, in the matter of food and drink the much quoted impossible table dainties of an Apicius are far more alluring than the humble grain and garden-truck on which Gaivs and Gaia, or roughly the whole Italian nation, regularly subsisted. It will take many volumes of sane scholarship, and many years must be spent in popularizing results, before the general concep-

* SOCIAL LIFE AT ROME. By W. Warde Fowler, M.A. New York: The Macmillan Co.

tion of Roman life shall be cleared of absurdities and brought to anything like accuracy. For this reason one will welcome every publication on this topic that is marked by sound knowledge, by clarity of presentation, and by freedom from extravagance.

Of late, Roman history has felt the effects of the general tendency to emphasize the economic and sociological sides of historical study; and our libraries have been enriched by some excellent studies of life under the Empire. But the first century B. C., prior to the accession of Augustus, has been comparatively slighted, despite the existence of such a stimulating and delightful introduction as Boissier's *Cicero et ses amis*. Some explanation of this may be found in the obvious importance of the political history, which has proved so engrossing as to bring about the neglect of the social side where it did not bear very directly on the public life. Toward the remedying of this neglect Professor Fowler has contributed an important volume, wherein he essays to tell *quæ vita, qui mores fuerint* in the days of the great orator.

A treatise of this nature falls into rather natural divisions, and in our volume we find eleven chapters with such captions as "The Lower Population," "The Daily Life of the Well-to-do," "The Slave Population," and "Religion." Of these divisions, the third, which treats of "The Men of Business and their Methods," will probably seem the freshest to most readers. The first three decades of the second century B. C. witnessed a tremendous in-pouring of wealth into the city on the Tiber. The war indemnities of Carthage and other conquered states, the booty from the victorious campaigns, the produce of the Spanish mines, and other sources of wealth, must have contributed millions upon millions of money. In 167 B. C. the Roman citizen was freed from the property tax. And the governmental prosperity was reflected in the capitalistic possibilities. The age of speculation and colossal fortunes was at hand. In a few decades there was found a Crassus with about a million dollars invested in land alone, although that was only a tiny part of his possessions; and Plutarch has left a singularly interesting account of one source of this magnate's wealth:

"Observing [in Sulla's time] the accidents that were familiar at Rome, conflagrations and tumbling down of houses owing to their weight and crowded state, he bought slaves who were architects and builders. Having collected these to the number of more than five hundred, it was his practice to buy up houses on fire, and houses next to those on fire: for the owners, frightened

and anxious, would sell them cheap. And thus the greater part of Rome fell into the hands of Crassus."

Most fortunes, however, were amassed by means much less picturesque. Ordinary business had grown to an enormous scale; and the shrewd man had abundant opportunity. Food for hundreds of thousands of mouths had to be brought to Rome and distributed; marine traffic proved extremely lucrative when the risks were reduced by a rough system of mutual insurance; taxes had to be collected, and, like other public business, the collecting was done by contract; all the activities of banking were open. In short, there were all the necessities and opportunities of a huge city that was the opulent mistress of the world about the Mediterranean.

The facilities for credit and for the transference of money are decidedly surprising to the reader whose knowledge of financial matters is practical rather than historical. The Roman *argentarius* would not only pay money on a written order, but would issue a letter of credit valid in distant cities. The example always referred to is the banker who provided for Cicero's son, when he went to spend his student days at the University of Athens. In the matter of debt the standing instance is Julius Cæsar, who seems to have amassed a debt of nearly a million and a half dollars while he was still a youth. Nor may this be attributed solely to the genius of this famous borrower; for there were bankers who were lending on a large scale, and any "respectable" citizen could borrow freely without the least trouble. Sometimes, indeed, lending became a mere gamble, as may be most easily seen in an extreme case. Rabirius was a financier of the "high" type, dealing in the stock of the large tax-farming companies and lending money to municipalities as well as to individuals. Among his debtors was Ptolemy Auletes, King of Egypt, who was driven from his throne. But Rabirius was willing to gamble on his restoration; and not only continued to make loans himself, but also to recommend the venture to other financiers. Eventually, political pressure was called into play, with the result that the royal debtor was placed once more in control of the Egyptian treasury. But straightway he turned upon his hapless creditor, who was fortunate to escape to Italy with his life. Even the most advanced form of "insurance" against the result of elections can hardly parallel this remarkable instance.

Herewith we have stumbled upon the interference of the capitalist in government; and this became a persistent menace, particularly in the

administration of the provinces. At the worst, the abuses were simply terrible. At the best, the large question of the financial dependence on the provinces was a matter of deep concern; and we may quote the words spoken by Cicero when he was pleading for an effective campaign against Mithridates in Asia.

"And believe me (though you know it well enough) that the whole system of credit and finance which is carried on here at Rome in the Forum, is inextricably bound up with the revenues of the Asiatic province. If those revenues are destroyed, our whole system of credit will come down with a crash."

We may not carry the thought further; but here the orator has voiced a large part of the explanation of the two centuries of occidental history. Fortunately, Rome managed to grope along until the strong rule of the early Empire brought some sort of solution.

Of the remaining chapters of Professor Fowler's interesting book we may notice only one, and that with the utmost brevity; but it is worth pointing out that "Marriage and the Roman Lady" may be accepted as a concise and clear statement of a question not seldom misunderstood. Our author knows that there were Clodias and other large-eyed ladies at Rome; that passionate love and serious marriage were distinctly dissevered; that most men and a growing number of women felt no final obligation toward conjugal fidelity in the strictest sense. But he understands withal that the family tie was still a reality to many, and that the historian's folly of believing in universal virtue is only less absurd than the folly of believing in universal vice. The race that still cherished the tales of Lucretia and Virginia could not be altogether void of ideals of chastity and fidelity. And whenever the student of this period begins to breathe hard in the fetid atmosphere of a part of our evidence, he will turn with glad relief to a husband's tribute left us by a Roman of the day, whose name was probably Q. Lucretius Vespillo. When his wife died he recorded her story and his own touching grief on marble; and the centuries have kindly preserved a large part of it for our instruction. On the narrative of her thrilling adventures and perils, we may not tarry, although it makes some fiction seem dull. But we must quote the husband's account of her daily life and homely virtues as given in Professor Fowler's paraphrase.

"You were a faithful wife to me, and an obedient one: you were kind and gracious, sociable and friendly: you were assiduous at your spinning (*lanificia*): you followed the religious rites of your family and state, and admitted no foreign cults or degraded magic (*superstitio*): you did not dress conspicuously, nor seek to

make a display in your household arrangements. Your duty to our whole household was exemplary: you tended my mother as carefully as if she had been your own. You had innumerable other excellences, in common with all other worthy matrons, but these I have mentioned were peculiarly yours."

This portrait of a rare and precious woman may stand to challenge any hasty general condemnation of the marital life of a people so well worth understanding.

The other sections of the book must be passed over; but they are all carefully written, and to many will prove more interesting than the two we have mentioned above. For the general reader the treatment is adequate throughout; and to the student the volume may be recommended just as cordially, with the suggestion that he will often find in it a starting-point rather than a resting-place. It is the sort of book we are glad to welcome in accordance with our opening paragraph. F. B. R. HELLEMS.

"LO, HERE A WELL-MEANING BOOK!"

In his interesting introductory essay to the new reprint of Florio's Montaigne, Mr. Thomas Seccombe speaks as a lover of Montaigne, but not as an idolater. "Montaigne," he says, "reminds us of the solitary Robinson on his island, meditating always upon the same theme of the singular adventures and melancholy fate of man. To show us how whimsical a creature man is, how infinite in his variety and insatiable in his desires, he takes himself and exhibits the creature to us. He lives before us. He tells us what an indecent old fellow lurked behind the fur and velvet of his ceremonial manner. He tells us how gluttonously he ate, how he crossed himself when he yawned, said 'God be wi' ye!' when he sneezed, and how fond he was of scratching." The world had always had its frank speakers, but never, until Montaigne, a speaker whose frankness, untouched by compunction, dealt zestfully with his own foibles. "To 'pour oneself out like Old Montaigne,'" says Mr. Seccombe, "has become, consciously or unconsciously, the ideal of every personal writer from La Bruyère and Pascal onwards. He has indeed cast his pollen over La Bruyère, Montesquieu, Rousseau, Sterne, Charles Lamb, Thoreau, and Emerson." This is a passable generalization; but not one of these writers,

*THE ESSAYS OF MICHAEL LORD OF MONTAIGNE. Done into English by John Florio. With an Introduction by Thomas Seccombe. In three volumes. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

after all, has the bland ingenuousness of the Lord of Montaigne. There is a radical difference between the man who prattles about himself for love of the theme, and the man who announces, "I am about to commit an amiable indiscretion: listen and you shall hear what a sad dog I really am." The one writer who resembled Montaigne in his manner of self-revelation was Mr. Secretary Pepys, who had probably never read a line of the *Essays*, and had no notion of writing for any eye but his own.

Mr. Seccombe's sketch of Montaigne's life and genius is admirable for the most part, being disfigured only by an occasional ebullience of style, and by one or two momentary debauches of metaphor, such as, "He finds the living nerve in the old flint classics, which are to him no mere dried specimens of literary form, but human documents palpitating with life." A passage more fairly representing him would be, "Montaigne possesses every quality appropriate to a great prose-writer with one single exception, the poetic quality and its accompanying gift of ideality." We do not understand Mr. Seccombe to be the editor of the present text, which is a reprint of the third edition of Florio (1632), but he is frankly a Florio partisan. "Florio's Montaigne," he declares, "still ranks as the great outstanding and standard English rendering . . . the regnant Montaigne, the most popular rendering in the market on both sides of the Atlantic." Whatever may be true of its market value, the supremacy of Florio is hardly an acknowledged fact on other grounds. His Elizabethan English is often, with all its elaboration, brilliantly faithful to the meaning of the original. But in a multitude of instances it expresses anything but that meaning. He was at all events the pioneer; and the edition of 1603 had a further sentimental interest. Its effect upon Elizabethan literature was instant and powerful. Bacon quoted it; Ben Jonson had a copy; and whether the Shakespeare autograph in the British Museum is genuine or not, the subsequent plays are full of reminiscences of the *Essays*. However, it is not the version Shakespeare knew which is now put before us in modern dress, but a later edition, much revised yet still far from perfect. Some half century later, Cotton puts forth his translation, with the admission that although he is confident he understands French "as well as any man," he has "sometimes been forced to grope at" his author's meaning. Sometimes he left out passages which were too much for him; his interpolations are far fewer than Florio's. Both Florio and Cotton

are, says Mr. Seccombe, very inaccurate: "No successor, however, has arisen, and we must make the best we can of them." This seems to put them in the same class, as to be taken or left in their original form. But in fact a number of attempts have been made, with fair measure of success, to approximate a perfect version by the emendation of Cotton,—as it stands, certainly not less a masterpiece than Florio. Toward such a version the revisions of the Hazlitts made a good deal of progress. Apart from the question of accuracy, there is no version of Montaigne so delightful to read as that of the elder Hazlitt. W. Carew Hazlitt has, by repeated revision, produced a text no doubt greatly more accurate, but also far less spirited and idiomatic.

However, it is certainly true that Florio has a place of his own which is far more independent of revision than that of Cotton. He is, if nothing else, an Elizabethan classic; and he is best reprinted, as in the present instance, word by word, with the old spelling, and with all the crimes upon the original frankly unavenged. This limited edition is beautifully made, and of those eleven hundred and fifty copies printed for sale in England and America "before the type was distributed," none are likely to find their way to the second-hand counters. "Reader" (how ingratiating that old familiar address!) "Reader, loe heere a well-meaning Booke!"

H. W. BOYNTON.

PHILOSOPHY OF THE SPIRITUAL LIFE.*

Two books by Professor Eucken, of the University of Jena, presented to American readers in an English translation with the titles "The Life of the Spirit" and "The Problem of Human Life," deserve attention both by reason of their intrinsic merit, and from the fact that the author has just received the Nobel Prize for having written them. The first of these books, "The Life of the Spirit," is simple in construction and well sustained in manner of presentation. The author regards a spiritual life a life of insights and affections, as the normal development of man, and affirms that this life must be sustained by a philosophy suited to it. The life gives occasion to the philosophy, and

* THE LIFE OF THE SPIRIT. An Introduction to Philosophy. By Rudolph Eucken. Translated from the German, by F. L. Pogson. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

THE PROBLEM OF HUMAN LIFE. By Rudolph Eucken. Translated from the German. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

the philosophy justifies and guides the life. This life springs from the lower life of the senses, and carries it forward, in a form true to both, to its final attainments. The spiritual life is a thoughtful, progressive, tentative one, and has room enough, motive enough, and light enough, for endless expansion. But this expansion must be supported by a rational apprehension of its grounds; and this apprehension is philosophy. The philosophy grows with the life which it expounds and by which it is expounded. Such a life is in the highest degree progressive, and binds together at once the reflective and the empirical world. Hence experience, in its individual and collective form, in its sensuous and its thoughtful possession of the world, in its outward spread and upward stretch, in its hold on earth and air by root, by stem, by tendril and by bud, is of such variety and scope as to give to the life of the spirit an endless development, and a constantly enlarged mastery of the substance and form and direction of its powers. An ever changeable and ministering philosophy goes with this development, shares its enlarged vision, and is close at hand to lend support to the vision of the spirit and impart to it form and foundation in its daily contact with human experience.

The first postulate, therefore, of spiritual growth is spiritual powers; and the second postulate is an intellectual activity which carries light, with increasing disclosure, along the path of progress. Philosophy is no mathematical formula, good for certain processes and to be employed in one way only; is no semi-mechanical junction of ideas, having at all times the same operation in the world of thought, and a like adaptation to all minds, but is a variable vision of each spirit as it pursues its own way, — an adumbration of truth, a sequence of convictions which subserve the immediate purposes of life and bear it forward as a real unfolding of power for higher purposes. Philosophy is, like the vital principle, an indispensable presence every moment, but variable in manifestation as each new point is reached in the unfolding.

How can such a philosophy justify itself each instant to the mind that entertains it? and how can it hold its own in the presence of other thinkers? The validity of such a philosophy is the vindication of our higher life. If there is such a life, it must have its basis in such a philosophy, involved or formulated. From the earliest history of the human mind there has been a persistent expenditure of thought in framing such a philosophy and in urging it upon other

minds; and also an equally persistent effort by other minds in crowding it out, although the contempt they have brought to the effort has itself been only another phase of the same eternal explanatory process. Man's life is much broader, much deeper, with much wider relations, than men are prepared as yet to accept. We move but slowly toward the grand reconciliations of the world. The sensuous elements are more obvious, more immediate and universal, than the spiritual elements; as the soil is more obtrusive and constant than are the plants that spring from it. Yet the spiritual life, the life that transcends the sensuous life, is constantly coming to birth and rising above it; as the vegetable life, hardy or tender, plain or beautiful, common or rare, is all thrust up out of the soil as the one great storehouse of mystery. Men have a fondness for the mechanical, and a sense of knowledge and mastery in connection with it which often serves to veil the higher possessions and problems of life. Take such a doctrine as Evolution, so central in human thought: men have often made a limitation and obstacle out of it, rendering it in too rigid and narrow a fashion. It has become a deadlock of physical dependences, leaving no room for spiritual powers. Not till the spiritual life is found immanent in the physical process does the world become alive again, and Evolution, pressing through all inferior forms, comes to its true measurement in spiritual expression.

A changeable philosophy not only momentarily justifies itself to the mind that entertains it, but makes an ever-renewed appeal to the intellectual world at large. We come to see that philosophy constantly errs by pushing some clues too far, and by neglecting others. It has not reconciled the elements of life, but has developed them separately and in antagonism to each other. It has found some single ray of light, planted itself in it, pursued it in its obscure development, and so mistaken it for a full illumination.

This fundamental conception is enforced in "The Life of the Spirit" in its leading directions — unity and multiplicity, change and persistence, the outer and the inner world, truth and happiness. The solution in each discussion is found to emphasize this dependence of a spiritual life on the growing apprehension of the dependence of the two worlds, physical and spiritual, on each other. The style of the book is somewhat diffuse, but it leads us by a sure path to this fundamental notion of an expanding life which is mothering the world and bring-

ing to it a truer and more adequate philosophy. These discussions are sometimes obscure in phraseology, and we are compelled to overpower the immediate expression by the ruling idea. In this respect, the second chapter, "Change and Persistence," is least satisfactory. But however we may trip here and there, the path becomes more and more a highway before us — the very highway in which the human family is travelling.

JOHN BASCOM.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

The curious life of Sterne.

It is doubtful if there is another author in English literature who has more of himself in his works or more of his works in himself than Laurence Sterne. To go from his books to his life is like going from one volume to another in a continuous narrative. We cannot pretend to know either the man or his work without studying both. All that distinguishes the books marks the man or his associates. And this curious life we have now an excellent opportunity to know, as we have not known it hitherto, in Professor Cross's "Life and Times of Laurence Sterne" (Macmillan). It is an extremely interesting narrative, as Sterne moves from the obscurity of a York parish to the full blaze of London society, so that he is as well known as the prime minister, and has a letter delivered to him with only the address "Tristram Shandy, Europe." And his friends are such remarkable persons, — that assembly of Demoniacs, especially, of whom Hall Stevenson, his best friend, was the leader. This club was an unholy congregation of Devil-worshippers for fun. Wilkes, the politician, virtually broke up the concern, when, during the invocation of his Satanic majesty, he let loose a baboon decked in the conventional insignia of the Devil, and produced indescribable consternation among the revellers. Sterne's many love affairs, from his affection for Miss Lumley, which was blighted by their marriage, to the soul-consuming passion of the dying old man for Mrs. Draper, both married, — all these are much like the affairs of the heart that we find in the pages of "Tristram Shandy" or "The Sentimental Journey." They were very likely judged correctly by Coleridge, who said that Sterne resembled a child who just touches a hot teapot with trembling fingers because it has been forbidden him. Professor Cross keeps from the unjust acerbity of Thackeray in treating of these delicate matters, and yet does not glaze them over as not calling for reprobation. It is Sterne's surpassing humor that saves the books, and his "queerness" that puts him out of the roll of common men and keeps us from looking too closely at the deed. The relation of the author to his literary sources is well brought out, and yet the prime fact is never lost sight of that the residuum which gives distinction to the

work is, after all, Sterne's supreme comic power. Professor Cross's final judgment, that he was "a humourist pure and simple, and nothing else," indicates his weakness as well as his strength.

The philosophy of Wm. James.

Even so scholastic a title as "A Pluralistic Universe" (Longmans) will not weaken the impulse that goes out to welcome any pages written by Professor William James. The volume forms the Hibbert Lectures given at Manchester College, Oxford, last year, and requires for the patient and technical comprehension the devotion to philosophic subtlety that the Oxford tradition supports. Yet the manner is thoroughly American, and must have seemed most unconventional to the older academic usage. The central concern of the philosophy, that moves swiftly, even jauntily, 'twixt heaven and earth, is the framing of some concept that will impart rationality to the cosmic creation and satisfaction to the human spectator and sharer of the worldly destiny. More specifically, it becomes a protracted contest between the demands of the absolute and the adequacy of the vital illumination of experience; and yet, more concretely, it becomes a direct competition between the sovereignty of the logic-bound intellect and the demands of the eager emotions. Professor James finds no help and much confusion in the absolute, and finds the very essence of all that is significant and vital in the changing stream of experience. His most serious skepticism is of the commanding claim of the reason in its opposition to the will to believe; and his arraignment of the vices of the philosophers is just this abuse of intellectualism, which renders them unresponsive to the real meaning of experience, whose formal outline, like men of straw, they find inadequate to their rational and ethical needs. Into this type of philosophical nicety, as into matters of artistic technique, only the professional will care or dare to follow; and the discerning and interested amateur, as he follows the conversation or the exhibition with appreciation and respect, is peculiarly grateful for the illuminating and refreshing personal touches of the expositor. The hearers of Professor James doubtless had this advantage to a greater extent than his readers; but the latter will be repaid for the effort to secure an intelligent insight into the Jamesian point of view.

The biographies of three sisters of Napoleon.

In a volume entitled "The Sisters of Napoleon" (Scribner) Mr. W. R. H. Trowbridge presents what is substantially a translation from the French of Joseph Turquan. These bits of intimate and rather gossipy history are more common in France than they are on this side of the water, but they find eager readers everywhere. Mr. Trowbridge's earlier books — "Mirabeau the Demi-God" and "Court Beauties of Old Whitehall" — have been well received, and the present volume ought to maintain his reputation, for he has made a readable and in general an adequate version of a shrewdly-chosen original. One cannot resist the temptation, however, of quoting the inno-

cent bull, "knowing that they could not live happily together unless they lived apart" (p. 63); or of remarking that slips like "demanding of Napoleon . . . for the hand of his sister" (pp. 89-90), and "the more they became engulfed in the movement and noise of Paris, he appeared to regret having almost suffered himself to be influenced by sentiment" (p. 91), are unnecessary even in a translation. Inaccuracies, such as the transformation of *on prétendait* into "one pretended," are by no means infrequent. It must be said in praise of the English version, whatever may have been true of the French original, that the lives of three very disreputable women are told with good taste, without either prudery or coarseness. The three biographies are separate. The masculine Elisa, Grand Duchess of Tuscany, and the miserable intriguer Caroline, Queen of Naples, are, as might be expected, dismissed somewhat more summarily than Pauline, the irresistibly charming and sporadically warm-hearted if unprincipled Princess of Guastalla, who was the only sister to remain faithful to her great brother to the end. Both author and translator are enthusiastic partisans of Napoleon, and unsparing critics of Josephine, Madame Mere, and the others.

*The amusements
of the masses.*

Mr. Rollin Lynde Hartt's brisk and breezy style is known to readers of "The Atlantic Monthly," in whose staid and scholarly pages his vivacities have sometimes presented a rather startling appearance. In a book entirely from his hand, both text and illustrations, he is at liberty to disport himself without fear of editorial repression or rebuff, and without risk of astonishing his unwary readers. "The People at Play" (Houghton Mifflin Co.) fairly crepitates with journalistic snappiness. We are tempted to quote, in illustration, from the opening chapter, which is entitled "The Home of Burlesque." Describing the rise of the drop-curtain and the beginning of the varied entertainment, the author writes: "Fortunately, the overture soon spends its virulence, and up soars the Roman hippodrome, discovering the deck of a battleship, whereupon the '40 la belle Parisiennes 40'—grievously decimated, since they number scarce more than twelve, yet effulgent in silks and jewels and blinding blonde tresses—are harmoniously disporting themselves in the guise of court ladies, dancing . . . and screeching a sentimental ditty now serving its novitiate ere gracing the barrel-organ. Here beginneth the first 'boilesque,'—to endure full sixty minutes." The misuse of "decimate" hardly calls for serious censure in composition that strains for lively picturesqueness rather than for correctness; yet the book might have been written effectively and at the same time with a little less of appeal to a low standard of literary taste. The chapters deal with popular amusement resorts, society "in Nellie Grogan's world," the muses in "East Gissing Street," and our national game. The numerous pen-and-ink sketches by the author admirably illustrate his text.

*Present, past,
and future
of Japan.*

Notwithstanding so many books have been written about Japan, Mr. H. B. Montgomery thinks there is room for one more. Accordingly he offers us "The Empire of the East, a Simple Account of Japan as it was, is, and will be" (McClurg). Every writer on the Real Japan, Things Japanese, and Japan from the Inside, thinks himself possessed of facts and opinions that will at last make the non-Japanese world understand that marvellous and perplexing empire of the New Far West. Mr. Montgomery is no exception to the rule, and the addition of his book to the lengthening list is but another testimony to the richness and interest of the theme. He writes simply and briefly of such topics as he has selected out of so large a subject, and offers with strong conviction his personal opinion on various debatable questions. Confessing himself an ardent admirer of Japan, he naturally presents her in her best aspect and predicts a prosperous future for her enterprising people. In the modern development of Japanese literature, he thinks the present attempt to substitute our alphabet for the Chinese characters will not prove either successful or desirable. His brief historical sketch of the country omits all mention of Commodore Perry and his part in opening Japan to the western world—in occidental eyes the supremely important event of the country's later history. The Swedish traveller and *savant* Thunberg is referred to as writing on Japan and as "relating his impressions in the seventeenth century," whereas he was not born until 1743. But this is a momentary inadvertence; elsewhere the author appears to assign him to his proper period. Considerable attention is paid to Japanese art in the book, and the reproductions of native paintings are pleasing and representative. On the whole, the author has done well to give us one more book about Japan.

*Types of
behavior from
low to high.*

A helpful contribution to the equipment for presenting to the young idea some adequate notion of its own ancestry and conditions, is afforded by the volume of Professor Kirkpatrick on "Genetic Psychology," which he further specifies as "An Introduction to an Objective and Genetic View of Intelligence" (Macmillan). The plan underlying the work is an excellent one—that of coining in one exposition the underlying types of behavior of our own complex mentality and the antecedent and simpler varieties characteristic of the structurally simpler organisms. There thus results a conception of behavior as a consistent and expanding procedure, and of the mental factor in it as again an organic principle in a still larger whole. Nor is this left vague and generic; it is coördinated with the amoeba and the insect and the fish and fowl; it binds dog and ape with these, and these with man. All this makes for a certain realism in considering the affairs of our mental household that is helpful; it prevents romancing in the field of immature speculation; and it discourages mere impressionism, which is hardly compatible with the careful analysis that alone yields the useful type

of fact. Yet withal it does not subordinate fact to principle, but accumulates and explains facts in the interests of the principles which are the chief concern alike of the man of affairs and of the student. The volume before us is a serviceable approach to this desirable end.

A German tribute to an American scholar and citizen. Ex-President Eliot is not, like the traditional prophet, without honor in his own country; and he is also highly honored outside his native land. His recent decoration by the Emperor of Japan was a striking proof that his influence extends even to the antipodes. Another tribute of respect reaches him at this memorable period of his life in the form of a brief biography, with appreciative comments on his services to education and the higher life, from the pen of Dr. Eugen Kuehneman, professor of philosophy at Breslau University, and twice within the last three years interchange professor at Harvard. "Charles W. Eliot, President of Harvard University (May 19, 1869-May 19, 1909)" is a thin octavo (Houghton) with frontispiece portrait of its subject, and done into English by the author's friend, Dr. A. W. Boesche, instructor in German at Harvard. The original appears in the May and June numbers of the *Deutsche Rundschau*. The interest of the production, to us who are already familiar with Dr. Eliot's life-history and work and ideals, lies in its revelation of a cordial and intelligent appreciation of American educational methods as illustrated by the forty years of Harvard's development under its late chief executive. Incidental comparisons and contrasts with German methods and ideals impart additional interest to the author's chapters. The book is an important memorial of the Eliot régime.

Typical old worthies of New Bedford.

The passing of the genuine Yankee, — shrewd, witty, resourceful, much addicted to swapping horses and stories, and finding in a jack-knife and a pine stick a never-failing solace and innocent distraction, — is to be regretted by lovers of the idiosyncratic in human character. The gathering together of the racy anecdotes and fading memories of typical old New Bedford worthies (and unworthies) in a volume entitled "In Whaling Days" (Little, Brown & Co.) is to be credited to an unknown editorial hand acting in behalf of the late Howland Tripp, whose literary aspirations and activities are briefly noticed in an introductory chapter. Mr. Tripp appears to have been a diligent student of human nature in its humbler types, and to have recovered from that insatiate past which is ever devouring the present a multitude of personal anecdotes and character-sketches that are well calculated to amuse the lover of homely New England stories. His chapters have such alluring headings as these: "A Town Meeting Episode," "Peanut Jim," "A Skim-milk Incident," "The First Tale of Phineas Fuddle," "How Jerry Went to Boston," and "A Grandfather's Advice." The whaling element denoted by the title is all but

lacking in the book, but the word serves well enough to indicate the time of the occurrences it chronicles. A few of the author's poems, on simple themes but of excellent workmanship, conclude this posthumous edition of his writings.

BRIEFER MENTION.

Messrs. Harper & Brothers publish a new edition of Motley's "History of the United Netherlands," four volumes in two at a very moderate price. The present publication should bring to this standard work an accession of many new readers.

A new and revised edition of "Practical Golf," by Mr. Wallis J. Travis, is published by Messrs. Harper & Brothers. There are new chapters on "hazards" and aluminum clubs, and the photographic illustrations are numerous and instructive.

Dr. Samuel McComb, Associate Director of the Emmanuel Church, issues under the title "The Power of Self-Suggestion" (Moffat, Yard & Co.) a small volume containing an address, which reviews in the spirit of the movement connected with that church the varieties of aid to be derived from a vigorous and confident appeal to the best within one.

"London's Lure," compiled by Miss Helen and Mr. Lewis Melville, is an anthology of brief passages in prose and verse, classified with more than ordinary intelligence, relating to the great city, its sights and scenes, its denizens, and its natural beauties. A great number of authors have been drawn upon for this attractive little book, which is published by the Macmillan Co.

"The New International Year Book" for 1908 is published uniform with "The New International Encyclopedia" by Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co., and is edited by Messrs. Frank Moore Colby and Allen Leon Churchill. This is the second annual issue of this series, which followed the older series after a gap of five years. We hope that support will not be lacking for the enterprise now resumed. It is so valuable for general reference that we can hardly believe that it will not command the sale necessary for its continued publication. The whole work is admirably done. Mr. Colby's name alone is a guaranty of thoroughness and accuracy, while the list of his associated contributors is of a nature to command the respect of those who know.

Miss Mary E. Burt has done much useful work in the popularization of good literature for children's reading, and not the least of her services is represented by the two volumes she has recently prepared for Messrs. Doubleday, Page & Co. One of the volumes is "Kipling Stories and Poems Every Child Should Know." Miss Burt's preface tartly says: "Here are some of the Strong Hearts who, a hundred years hence, will be studied in colleges, instead of that fetich, 'The Princess,' and in lower schools, instead of those other fetiches, diacritical marks, and the made-up 'reading-matter' of commercial 'educational houses'; for it is the dull product of unlitteary minds which 'feminizes our schools,' and not the woman teacher." Without admitting all this, we will agree that Kipling makes good reading for boys and girls of every age. The other volume is "Adventures Every Child Should Know," and is based upon Carlo Lorenzini's "Pinocchio," — a fantastical story-book for children that has been vastly popular in Italy.

NOTES.

Messrs. Henry Holt & Co. publish a text-book of Trigonometry for advanced students in schools of technology. It is the work of Messrs. Arthur Graham Hall and Fred Goodrich Frink.

To the "Noble Thought" series of booklets, published by the late Dana Estes, has been added "The Thoughts of Marcus Aurelius Antoninus." In this case the publisher acts also as the editor.

Volume II. of "Readings in Modern European History," compiled by Professors James H. Robinson and Charles A. Beard, is now published by Messrs. Ginn & Co. The extracts cover the period subsequent to the Congress of Vienna.

The "Pocket Kipling," with its pretty covers of flexible leather, now includes the volume of "Just So Stories for Little Children," which should at once find its way into a few thousand more nurseries. Messrs. Doubleday, Page & Co. are the publishers.

"Writings on American History," the bibliography begun in 1906, is continued for 1907 under the general editorial supervision of Professor J. F. Jameson. The actual compiler of the volume, which is published by the Macmillan Co., is Miss Grace G. Griffin.

The death of Sarah Orne Jewett, on the twenty-fourth of June, took from us one of the most conscientious of our story-writers. Miss Jewett was deeply rooted in the life of New England, and has pictured many of its phases with deep fidelity and unflinching charm. Born in September, 1849, she had nearly completed her sixtieth year. Her first book, "Deephaven," was published in 1877, since which time she has been, except for very recent years, engaged in continuous literary work. Among her best known books we may mention "A Country Doctor," "A Marsh Island," "A White Heron," and "Other Stories," "The Country of the Pointed Firs," and "The Tory Lover." She wrote a great many short stories for old and young, besides sketches of New England life and landscape, and the volume on the Normans in the "Story of the Nations" series. She was made a Doctor of Letters by Bowdoin College, a graceful and deserved tribute from the ancient seat of learning in her native state of Maine.

TOPICS IN LEADING PERIODICALS.

July, 1909.

Aerial Navigation, Law of. L. Fox. *North American*.
Alaska of To-Day. A. H. Brooks. *Review of Reviews*.
Aldrich, Boss of the Senate. J. C. Welliver. *Hampton*.
Animals, Imitation Among. R. M. Yerkes. *Century*.
Artist's Life, Story of—II. H. O. Tanner. *World's Work*.
Art Needlework, Sixteenth Century. K. S. Brinley. *Craftsman*.
Bird Protection, Triumphs of. Herbert K. Job. *Harper*.
Bookworms of the Seas. G. J. Nathan. *Bookman*.
Bridge, Weaving of the. Edward Hungerford. *Harper*.
Calvin as Theologian. Francis Brown. *Century*.
Calvin, Human Side of. M. H. Lansdale. *Century*.
Cancer, Our Knowledge of. B. J. Hendrick. *McClure*.
Chaplain as Herald of Washington. C. M. Harvey. *Atlantic*.
Chateaux near Fontainebleau. E. C. Peixotto. *Scribner*.
Church, American, on Trial: II. H. C. Weir. *Putnam*.
Church and Social Movements. H. Robbins. *Atlantic*.
Church of Saint Ethelburga. W. L. A. Bookman. *Century*.
Cities, American, Growth and Beauty of. *Craftsman*.
City Efficiency, New Force for. *World's Work*.
Cities, German Way of Making. S. Baxter. *Atlantic*.
Commercial Traveller, The Modern. F. Crissey. *Everybody's*.
Coney Island. E. L. Bacon. *Munsey*.
Conservatism, French. A. F. Sanborn. *Atlantic*.
Courts, The United States. O. J. Field. *North American*.
Crawford's Home Life at Sorrento. H. T. Carpenter. *Munsey*.

Crops of the Pacific Coast. C. E. Edwards. *Review of Reviews*.
Death, The Fear of. E. L. Keyes. *Harper*.
Disease, A Country in Arms against. *World's Work*.
Dolomites, In the. M. K. Waddington. *Scribner*.
"Education," Bankruptcy of—II. F. Burk. *World's Work*.
Egypt, Excavating in. A. E. P. Weigall. *Putnam*.
Elephants. W. S. Rainsford. *World's Work*.
Emmanuel Movement, The. E. Worcester. *Century*.
English Episodes, Two Little. W. D. Howells. *Harper*.
Farmers, British, and Fiscal Question. W. E. Bear. *No. Amer.*
Fourth, The New. Luther H. Gulick. *World's Work*.
Gettysburg: A Boy's Experience of. A. McCreary. *McClure*.
Good Roads the Way to Progress. L. W. Page. *World's Work*.
Great Wall of China, Along the. W. E. Geill. *Harper*.
Grizzlies, Flash-Light Photographs of. J. B. Kerfoot. *Everybody's*.
Gutter, Lift Men from, or Remove the. R. S. Baker. *American*.
Hale, Dr. Edward Everett. *Review of Reviews*.
Hale, Edward Everett, as Man of Letters. *Review of Reviews*.
Hale's, Dr., Busy Career. G. P. Morris. *Review of Reviews*.
Hay, John, The Boyhood of. A. S. Chapman. *Century*.
Health Day in Practice. A. *World's Work*.
Health, Universities Teaching. *World's Work*.
Higgins, A Man's Christian. Norman Duncan. *Harper*.
Highway of Nations, Fight for the. E. A. Powell. *Everybody's*.
High-Priced Bond, The Little Man and. *World's Work*.
Holmes, Oliver Wendell. E. E. Hale. *Review of Reviews*.
Home Building, Permanence Essential in. *Craftsman*.
Horsemanship, New Army School of. T. B. Mott. *Scribner*.
Human Sensitive Plant, The. George L. Walton. *Lippincott*.
Ice, The City's. Hollis Godfrey. *Atlantic*.
Investments, Foreign, of Nations. C. F. Spears. *No. Amer.*
Ireland, Boyhood in. Alexander Irvine. *World's Work*.
Journey, A Round, for Children and Grown-Ups. *Craftsman*.
Lait, The Catholic, and the Republic. *North American*.
Land, Mission of the. D. Buffum. *Atlantic*.
Law Enforcement, Story of. T. L. Woolwine. *World's Work*.
Lincoln as Commander-in-Chief. F. V. Greene. *Scribner*.
London, Our Representative in. E. S. Nadal. *Century*.
Maddow, Edward: Musician. Mary Mears. *Craftsman*.
Marathon-Mad, Our Youths. J. H. Girdner. *Munsey*.
Marmolata of the Dolomites. Lucy S. Conant. *Atlantic*.
Meredith, George. E. C. Marsh. *Bookman*.
Meredith, George. Emily J. Putnam. *Putnam*.
Meredith and His Message. *Review of Reviews*.
Meredith, Two Personal Glimpses of. C. Roberts. *World's Work*.
Merchant Marine, American. *Atlantic*.
Merchant Marine, The Japanese. E. Maxey. *North American*.
Mermad Club, The. Edmund Gosse. *Harper*.
Music at Meat. W. D. Howells. *Harper*.
Nation's Playgrounds, The. G. O. Smith. *Review of Reviews*.
Navy, American, Hitting Power of the. R. D. Evans. *Hampton*.
New York, The Discovery of. H. T. Peck. *Munsey*.
Northwest, Opening up the. Elliot Flower. *Putnam*.
Northwestern Railway Situation, The. R. Morris. *Rev. of Revs.*
Pageants, American, and Their Promise. P. MacKaye. *Scribner*.
Paris, Shrines and Monuments of. P. P. Sheehan. *Munsey*.
Personal Accident Insurance. *World's Work*.
Pestilence, Battle against. C. M. Keys. *World's Work*.
Phillips, Eden, The Fiction of. W. D. Howells. *No. American*.
Primary, The Direct. H. J. Ford. *North American*.
Psychic Research, What I Think of. G. Lombroso. *Hampton*.
Root, Elihu, as Secretary of State. G. Hunt. *Putnam*.
Rothenburg, the Picturesque—IX. R. H. Schaffner. *Century*.
Sea, Safety at. L. F. Tooker. *Century*.
Seattle Fair as Seen by Visitors. R. S. Jones. *Review of Reviews*.
Shackleton and the South Pole. A. W. Greely. *Century*.
Sickness, Unnecessary Curse of. E. Bjorkman. *World's Work*.
Slaves, White, in Africa. T. W. Higginson. *North American*.
South, Black and White in the. W. Archer. *McClure*.
Swinburne, Fortifying Principle in. Louise C. Wilcox. *No. Amer.*
Taft—So Far. "K." *American*.
Tariff, A Permanent. W. French. *North American*.
Thieves, How They Live. C. Somerville. *Everybody's*.
Tolerance, The Power of. G. Harvey. *North American*.
Troubadours, The Land of the. E. C. Peixotto. *Putnam*.
Van Buren, Martin, Diplomat. Montgomery Blair. *Harper*.
Vanderbilt Fortune, True Story of the. C. E. Russell. *Hampton*.
Venezuela Message, Cleveland's. G. F. Parker. *McClure*.
Washington Square. W. P. Eaton. *Atlantic*.
Water Power and the Price of Bread. J. L. Mathews. *Hampton*.
Welles, Gideon, The Diary of (continued). *Atlantic*.
West, Cooperation in the. J. L. Coulter. *World's Work*.
Wilderness, The Battle of the—II. M. Schaff. *Atlantic*.
Wilson, James, Perpetual Cabinet Officer. J. C. Welliver. *Munsey*.
Women, Votes for. W. I. Thomas. *American*.
Wood Carving, Impressionistic Effects in. *Craftsman*.
Wood Famine, American, How to Avert. C. R. Lamb. *Craftsman*.
Woods, Our Native. *Craftsman*.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

[The following List, containing 61 titles, includes books received by THE DIAL since its last issue.]

BIOGRAPHY AND REMINISCENCES.

- The Autobiography of Nathaniel Southgate Shaler.** With a Supplementary Memoir by his Wife. Illus. in photogravure, etc., 8vo, pp. 461. Houghton Mifflin Co. \$5. net.
- The Life and Times of Master John Hus.** By The Count Litow. Illus. in photogravure, etc., 8vo, pp. 398. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$4. net.
- Sixty Years in the Wilderness: Some Passages by the Way.** By Henry W. Lucy. With portrait in photogravure, 8vo, pp. 450. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$3. net.
- Letters, Lectures, and Addresses of Charles Edward Garman: A Memorial Volume.** By Eliza Miner Garman. With portrait in photogravure, 8vo, pp. 616. Houghton Mifflin Co. \$3. net.

HISTORY.

- History of the City of New York in the Seventeenth Century.** By Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer. In 2 vols., with maps, 8vo. Macmillan Co. \$5. net.
- The Awakening of Turkey: A History of the Turkish Revolution.** By E. F. Knight. With portraits, 8vo, pp. 356. J. B. Lippincott Co. \$3. net.
- An Historical Introduction to the Marprelate Tracts: A Chapter in the Evolution of Religious and Civil Liberty in England.** By William Pierce. With frontispiece, 8vo, pp. 360. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$3. net.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

- The Claims of French Poetry: Nine Studies in the Greater French Poets.** By John C. Bailey. 8vo, pp. 313. Mitchell Kennerley. \$2.50 net.
- The Advertisements of the Spectator with Appendix of Representative Advertisements and Introductory Note by George Lyman Kittredge.** By Lawrence Lewis. 12mo, pp. 308. Houghton Mifflin Co. \$2. net.
- Swinnburne: A Lecture Delivered before the University on April 30, 1909.** By J. W. Mackail. 12mo, pp. 27. Oxford: Clarendon Press.
- The Dreamer: A Romantic Rendering of the Life-Story of Edgar Allan Poe.** By Mary Newton Stanard. 12mo, pp. 375. Richmond, Va.: Bell Book & Stationary Co. \$1.50 net.
- Six Masters in Disillusion.** By Algar Thorold. 8vo, pp. 163. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.50 net.
- The German Drama of the Nineteenth Century.** By Georg Witkowski; trans. from the second German edition by L. E. Horning. 12mo, pp. 230. Henry Holt & Co. \$1. net.
- The Old-Time Parson.** By P. H. Ditchfield, M.A. New edition; illus. in color, etc., 8vo, pp. 342. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$2.50 net.
- Oxford Lectures on Poetry.** By A. C. Bradley. 8vo, pp. 395. Macmillan Co. \$3. net.

FICTION.

- The Bride of the Mistletoe.** By James Lane Allen. 12mo, pp. 190. Macmillan Co. \$1.25.
- A Woman for Mayor: A Novel of To-Day.** By Helen M. Winslow. With frontispiece in color, 12mo, pp. 342. Reilly & Britton Co. \$1.50.
- The Show Girl.** By Max Pemberton. With frontispiece in color, 12mo, pp. 355. John C. Winston Co. \$1.50.
- Brothers All: More Stories of Dutch Peasant Life.** By Maarten Maartens. 12mo, pp. 324. D. Appleton & Co. \$1.50.
- Ezekiel.** By Lucy Pratt; illus. by Frederick Dorr Steele. 12mo, pp. 309. Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1. net.
- Tempered Steel: A Romance.** By Herbert S. Mallory. With frontispiece in color, 12mo, pp. 429. E. F. Fenno & Co. \$1.50.
- The Chariots of the Lord.** By Joseph Hocking. Illus. in color, 12mo, pp. 425. New York: Eaton & Mains. \$1.50.
- Dyke's Corners.** By E. Clarence Oakley. 12mo, pp. 242. Richard G. Badger. \$1.

POETRY AND DRAMA.

- Mayflowers to Mistletoe: A Year with the Flower Folk.** By Sarah J. Day. New edition; illus., 12mo, pp. 115. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.50 net.
- Gods Triumphant, and Other Poems.** By Chas. H. Pritchard. 18mo, pp. 91. London: Arthur H. Stockwell.
- Plays: The Silver Box; Joy; Strife.** By John Galsworthy. 12mo, pp. 363. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.35 net.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION.

- The Columbia River: Its History, Its Myths, Its Scenery, Its Commerce.** By William Denison Lyman. Illus. in photogravure, etc., 8vo, pp. 409. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$3.50 net.
- Spain of To-Day: A Narrative Guide to the Country of the Dons, with Suggestions for Travellers.** By Joseph Thompson Shaw. Illus. and with map, 12mo, pp. 156. New York: Grafton Press.
- A Holiday in Connemara.** By Stephen Gwynn, M.P. Illus., 12mo, pp. 320. Macmillan Co. \$2. net.
- Out of the Way Places.** By William G. Frizell. Illus., 12mo, pp. 180. Dayton, O.: United Brethren Publishing House. \$1.20 net.
- Travelers' Railway Guide, Western Section.** 12mo, pp. 544. Chicago: American Railway Guide Co. Paper, 25 cts.

RELIGION AND THEOLOGY.

- Man and the Bible: A Review of the Place of the Bible in Human History.** By J. Allanson Picton. 8vo, pp. 334. Henry Holt & Co. \$2.
- No Refuge but in Truth.** By Goldwin Smith. New edition; 12mo, pp. 93. G. P. Putnam's Son's. \$1. net.

EDUCATION AND TEXT BOOKS.

- Education in the Far East.** By Charles F. Thwing, LL.D. 12mo, pp. 277. Houghton Mifflin Co. \$1.50 net.
- The Real College.** By Gay Potter Benton. 12mo, pp. 184. Jennings & Graham. 75 cts. net.
- Education for Efficiency and The New Definition of the Cultivated Man.** By Charles W. Elliot. 18mo, pp. 58. Houghton Mifflin Co. 35 cts. net.
- Report of the Commissioner of Education for the Year Ended June 30, 1908. Vol. II.** 8vo, pp. 1060. Washington: Government Printing Office.
- Selections from Early American Writers, 1607-1800.** Edited by William B. Cairns. 12mo, pp. 493. Macmillan Co. \$1.25 net.
- Essentials of Public Speaking for Secondary Schools.** By Robert I. Fulton and Thomas C. Trueblood. 12mo, pp. 235. Ginn & Co. 90 cts.
- Teaching to Read.** By James L. Hughes. 16mo, pp. 124. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. 50 cts.
- Trigonometry.** By Arthur Graham Hall, Ph.D., and Fred Goodrich Frink, M.S. 8vo, pp. 93. Henry Holt & Co. \$1.40.
- First Lessons in French.** By P. Banderet et Ph. Reinhard; adapted by Grace Sandwith. 12mo, pp. 175. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. 50 cts. net.
- Das Rothkäppchen: Spiel in Fünf Scenen.** Von Mathilde Reichenback. 16mo, pp. 27. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. 25 cts. net.
- Deutsche Gedichte, Zum Auswendiglernen.** Edited by W. P. Chalmers. 12mo, pp. 127. T. Y. Crowell & Co. 40 cts. net.
- Easy German Stories.** By Hedwig Levi; edited by Mrs. Luise Delp. 12mo, pp. 100. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. 40 cts. net.

NATURE AND OUT-DOOR LIFE.

- The Balance of Nature and Modern Conditions of Cultivation: A Practical Manual of Animal Poes and Friends for the Country Gentleman, the Farmer, the Forester, the Gardener, and the Sportsman.** By George Abbey. Illus., 8vo, pp. 278. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$2.50 net.
- Wild Pastures.** By Winthrop Packard. Illus., 12mo, pp. 242. Small, Maynard & Co. \$1.20 net.
- Automobile Law for Motorists: The Law of the Road and Principles of the Law of Negligence.** By Twyman O. Abbott. 16mo, pp. 392. Reilly & Britton Co. \$1.50.
- Modern Golf.** By P. A. Valle. Illus., 12mo, pp. 252. Macmillan Co. \$2.25 net.
- The Small Yacht: Its Management and Handling for Racing and Sailing.** By Edwin A. Boardman. Illus., 12mo. Little, Brown & Co. \$2. net.

SCIENCE AND DISCOVERY.

- Design in Nature; Illustrated by Spiral and other Arrangements in the Inorganic and Organic Kingdoms as exemplified in Matter, Force, Life, Growth, Rhythms, etc., especially in Crystals, Plants, and Animals. With examples selected from the Reproductive, Alimentary, Respiratory, Circulatory, Nervous, Muscular, Osseous, Locomotory, and other Systems of Animals.** By J. Bell Pettigrew, M.D., LL.D., F.R.S., F.R.C.P., Laureate of the Institute of France; late Chandon Professor of Anatomy and Medicine in the University of St. Andrews. Illustrated by nearly 2000 Figures, largely Original and from Nature. In 3 volumes. Medium 4to, \$14. net.

An Independent Examination of the Assuan and Elephantine Aramaic Papyri. By L. Belleil. illus., 8vo, pp. 204. London: Luzac & Co.

Conservation of Natural Resources. Edited by Emory R. Johnson. 4to, pp. 750. "Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science." Philadelphia: American Academy of Political and Social Science. \$1. net.

The Gulick Hygiene Series. Book II: Emergencies. By Charlotte Vetter Gulick. illus., 12mo, pp. 174. Ginn & Co. 40 cts.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Tuberculosis: A Preventable and Curable Disease. By S. A. Knopf. illus., 12mo, pp. 394. Moffat, Yard & Co. \$2. net.

The Story of Oil. By Walter Sheldon Tower. illus., 12mo, pp. 270. D. Appleton & Co. \$1. net.

Missionary Story Sketches and Folk-Lore from Africa. By Alexander Priestley Camphor; with Introduction by M. C. B. Mason, D.D. illus., 12mo, pp. 346. Jennings & Graham. \$1.50 net.

The Air Ship Boys, or, The Quest of the Aztec Treasure. By H. L. Sayler. With frontispiece, 12mo, pp. 315. Reilly & Britton Co. \$1.

How to Cook Vegetables. By Olive Green. 16mo, pp. 644. "Homemaker Series." G. F. Putnam's Sons. \$1. net.

IDYLLS OF GREECE HOWARD V. SUTHERLAND \$1.00. By Mail \$1.09. SHERMAN, FRENCH & CO., BOSTON, MASS.

REFERENCE BOOKS

SEND FOR OUR BARGAIN CATALOGUE and ask for quotations.

ENCYCLOPÆDIAS, DICTIONARIES, ART, AND STANDARD AUTHORS

THE H. R. HUNTING COMPANY
SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

FOR ANY BOOK ON EARTH write to H. H. TIMBY, Book Hunter. Catalogue free. 1st Nat. Bank Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

We Make a Specialty of BOOKS and PAMPHLETS
ON
RAILROADS, CANALS, BANKING, AND FINANCE
DIXIE BOOK SHOP

Catalogue on application. 41 LIBERTY ST., NEW YORK

A New Volume in The Art of Life Series.
EDWARD HOWARD GRIGGS, Editor.

SELF-MEASUREMENT

A Scale of Human Values with Directions for Personal Application
By WILLIAM DE WITT HYDE, President of Bowdoin College.

At all bookstores. 50 cts net; postpaid, 55 cts.
B. W. HUEBSCH PUBLISHER NEW YORK CITY

OUR LIBRARY SERVICE

WE have recently supplemented our service to Libraries, by procuring Out-of-Print and Scarce Books, and by importing English books.

Our **EDUCATIONAL CATALOGUE** contains a full list of Supplementary Reading, indicating the grade to which each title is adapted.

Our **CLEARANCE CATALOGUE** contains overstock at special prices, and an alphabetical arrangement by authors of all cheap editions of Recent Popular Fiction and Standard Library 12mos in one list.

Our **LIBRARY CATALOGUE** of 3500 approved titles, following A. L. A. lines, is of great convenience to small libraries.

Our **MONTHLY BULLETIN** notices promptly every new book of importance.

These Catalogues are sent on request. Three notable features of our service are: promptness, thoroughness, and low prices.

THE BAKER & TAYLOR CO.

WHOLESALE DEALERS IN THE BOOKS OF ALL PUBLISHERS
33 East Seventeenth Street, New York

WILLING WORKER wants literary work. Doctor of philosophy, encyclopedist, proofreader, translator six languages, typewriter. F. P. NOBLE, 1908 BERWYN AVE., EDGEWATER, CHICAGO, ILL.

BOOKBINDING

PLAIN AND ARTISTIC, IN ALL VARIETIES OF LEATHER

HENRY BLACKWELL

University Place and 10th Street, New York City

To Readers of Advanced Thought We Recommend

THE LEGACY OF A MAN WHO WANTED TO DO HIS DUTY

Part I. By THEOCRITUS. Price, cloth, 75c.; paper, 50c.

The Southern Star (Atlanta, Ga.) says: "The object of this book is to set the reader to thinking, and to set him to thinking the author has asked such questions as 'What is Truth?' 'What is Man's mission on earth?' 'What did he come for in the world?' It is not filled with dry, uninteresting matter, but is chock full of common sense and straight from the shoulder blows against the conditions prevailing."

THE CORONA PUBLISHING CO., 65 W. Broadway, New York

MANUSCRIPTS
TYPEWRITTEN

EXPERT SERVICE
MODERATE FEES
L. E. Swartz, 636 Newport, Chicago

Rare and Out-of-Print Book Catalogue

JUST ISSUED, MAILED FREE ON REQUEST.

WRITE US FOR ANY UNUSUAL OR OUT-OF-PRINT BOOKS.

THE LEXINGTON BOOK SHOP, 120 EAST 59th STREET, NEW YORK

BOOKS. ALL OUT-OF-PRINT BOOKS SUPPLIED, no matter on what subject. Write us. We can get you any book ever published. Please state wants. Catalogue free. BAKER'S GREAT BOOK SHOP, 14-16 Bright St., BIRMINGHAM, ENGL.

"THE DOUBLE FORTUNE"

By BERTHA LADD HOSKINS

A splendid and dramatic tale of travel and adventure, of absorbing mystery and strange experiences, of love and tragedy; realistic and entertaining, breathing the spirit of the great emotion that is the essence of all books written for a permanent place on our shelves. The story vibrates with intense human interest and the descriptions are vivid and picturesque. Not a dull page from start to finish. Send for it at once.

THE NEALE PUBLISHING CO., Washington, D. C.

Early Western Travels

"We cannot be too thankful for this index so carefully and attentively edited."

—American Historical Review.

THE ARTHUR H. CLARK CO., CLEVELAND, OHIO

THE NEW YORK BUREAU OF REVISION

Established in 1880. LETTERS OF CRITICISM. EXPERT REVISION OF MSS. Advice as to publication. Address DR. TITUS M. COAN, 70 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK CITY

WILLIAM R. JENKINS CO. Publishers, Booksellers, Stationers, and Printers
851-853 SIXTH AVE., Cor. 48th St., NEW YORK

FRENCH
AND OTHER
POEMES
BOOKS

Complete catalogs on request.

READ OUR
ROMANS CHOISIS. 26 Titles. Paper 60 cts., cloth 85 cts. per volume. CONTES CHOISIS. 24 Titles. Paper 25 cts., cloth 40 cts. per volume. Masterpieces, pure, by well-known authors. Read extensively by classes; notes in English. List on application.

JUST
PUBLISHED

A REMARKABLE MEMOIR

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF NATHANIEL S. SHALER

With a Supplementary Memoir by His Wife

A VIVID and absorbing account of a rarely interesting life, which will take a place among the more notable American memoirs. Professor Shaler was a man of extraordinary personal qualities, aside from his prominence in science and education.

Later he served in the Union Army, and then as Professor of Geology in Harvard University and

A Kentuckian by birth, he came to Harvard in the period just preceding the Civil War. as Dean of the Lawrence Scientific School. Professor Shaler's fascinating recollections show him to be one of the most vivid of writers, and make a remarkable book.

Illustrated. \$4.00 net. Postpaid, \$4.25.

SUMMER READING OTHER THAN FICTION

WILD LIFE ON THE ROCKIES

By ENOS A. MILLS

"Personal adventures, observations of nature, of trees and animals told in a manner that is extremely attractive. Mr. Mills conveys the spirit of the mountains to his readers."—*New York Sun*.

*Fully illustrated from photographs. \$1.75 net.
Postpaid, \$1.90.*

ADRIFT ON AN ICE-PAN

By WILFRED T. GRENFELL

With an Introduction by
Dr. CLARENCE J. BLAKE

A true account of wonderful escape from death off the coast of Labrador, which will take place among the world's stories of adventure.

*With an attractive binding and illustrations.
75 cents net. Postpaid, 83 cents.*

HAREMLIK

By DEMETRA VAKA

"A remarkable description of the life and manner of thinking of Turkish women. The author offers wholly new pictures of Turkish home life, and presents fairly the Turkish woman's views of polygamy, of subjection to man, and of religious duty."

—*New York Sun*.

\$1.25 net. Postpaid, \$1.37.

THE PEOPLE AT PLAY

By ROLLIN LYNDE HARTT

"A good book to read, not only for its constant entertainment, but for the widening of our knowledge of the life that is always only a few blocks away from us."—*Boston Transcript*.

*Fully illustrated. \$1.50 net.
Postpaid, \$1.65.*

STICKEEN

By JOHN MUIR

"John Muir tells 'the story of a dog' in such a simple, convincing manner that the odd, brave little creature becomes real as any human."

—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

"A thrilling little story that will repay several readings."

—*Philadelphia Press*.

*60 cents net.
Postpaid, 68 cents.*

BOSTON

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY

NEW YORK

THE DIAL PRESS, FINE ARTS BUILDING, CHICAGO.